The Bystander, January 14, 1920. No. 841. Vol. LXV.

The BYSTANDER

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE, 1920

THE PALS: "Who said Huns?"

BY FRANK HART

ENTERTAINMENTS

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Signature of holder.....

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Pity the Poor Rich

DURING the War quite a large number of old Jeremiahs set up and prophesied that the "Riviera habit" would never return, that the winter rush abroad was a thing of the past. "But lo! a wonder came to light that showed the rogues they lied." For weeks past the Riviera express from Paris has been crammed, and mostly with English folk, and you can't get a berth in a sleeping-car for love or any amount of money until the end of March.

Curiously contradictory accounts reach me from that happy land of sunshine. At Mentone the prices, although high in comparison with pre-war rates, are not too staggering to British pockets, because of the rate of exchange—something like 50 francs for the pound sterling. At Monte Carlo—well, what can you expect at Monte Carlo when you were charged 8 francs for a peach, and 5 francs for a *sirop á groseille*—one bottled gooseberry in a thimbleful of sugar water—in the piping days of peace?

The Servant Problem Again

FROM Cimiez, which was always so eminently respectable—to me it always suggested that an elopement had taken place between a Cathedral Close and Carlton House Terrace—there comes another story. On New Year's Day hotel prices rose with a bound, as much as a hundred francs a day extra for a suite of three rooms. Central heating is not permitted by law, and the authorities send elegantly-clad *messieurs et dames* to lunch and to dine in the hotels to spy out whether the radiators are being used or not!

The plight of people who have taken villas is not a happy one. Servants are practically unobtainable. All that can be got in the way of domestics is the French charlady, the *bonne à tout faire*. And, as she insists on returning to the bosom of her family at four o'clock in the afternoon, nobody can have dinner in the evening. Most of the villa-folk have to follow the German plan and make their principal meal in the middle of the day—unless, of course, there are any ex-V.A.D. cooks in the family. Even then the family is not always happy.

Of course, the radiant sunshine, the blue sea, and the pretty women make up for a good deal, but, all the same, it does make you feel more content to be planted in the fogs, cold, and greyness when you know that the first three mean going without your dinner. The comment is—content is born of other people's misfortunes.

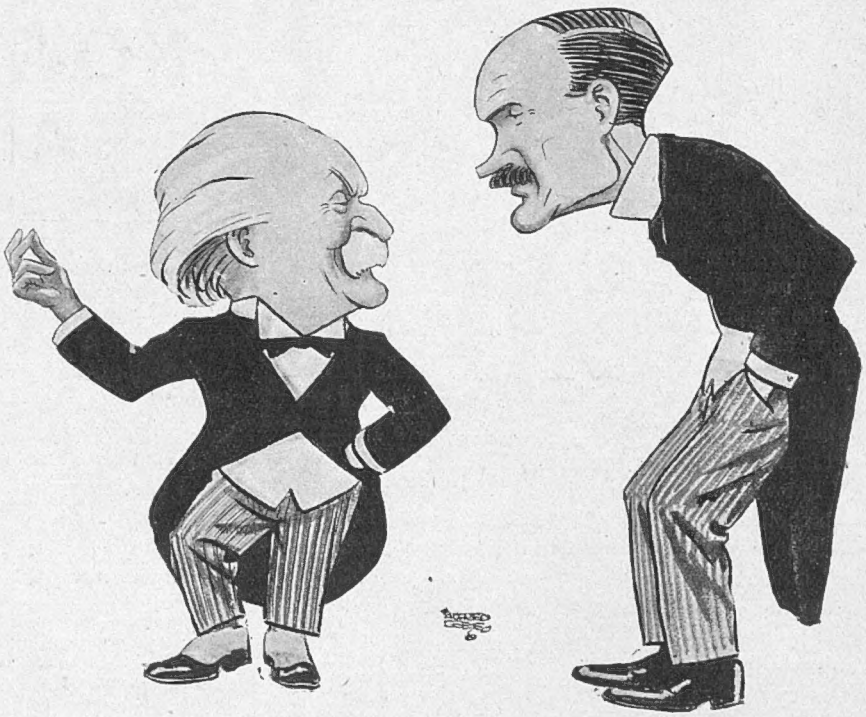
An Unedifying Example

SPEAKING of Monte Carlo, much interest is being taken in an attempt, it is said, on the part of one or two very wealthy people, to avoid the heavy English taxation on larger incomes. A "domicile" has formally been taken out in the principality of Monaco and since there is no income tax in Monaco it looks as if they may be able to cock snooks at the English Inland Revenue people.

But it isn't exactly an admirable thing to depart out of your own country in order to avoid your fair share of her burdens and her responsibilities for the men who gave all they had—their lives. If the generally expressed opinion of their friends and acquaintances may be taken as a sign, I think they will have a chilly and lonely time in their Monaco villas, so far as English people are concerned; also the turned shoulder when they "run over for the season and some visits." Frankly, they deserve both.

"Do As You Would Be Done By"

THE topsy-turvy in which we are plunged as part of the aftermath of the War has a striking example in the Thames at the present moment. I am told by "one who knows"—and very much



"After all, my dear Bonar, what are Bye-Elections?"

By Alfred Leete

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

so—that below Gravesend there stretches something like eight miles of shipping waiting to be unloaded. And here is the reason, or, as they would say in Parliament, "a main contributory cause."

The men who unload vessels—don't you call them stevedores?—are being paid such high wages that they won't work overtime. Likewise their hours of work have been lessened, consequently they are unloading less tonnage per week than in pre-war days. Then they would work on Saturday afternoons and Sundays if the need arose. Now they refuse because they have earned enough money in the shortened week at the increased rates.

All this, of course, works out in accordance with all the axioms about the dignity and rights of labour. And in the theory we must all agree. But just see how it works out in actuality.

Eight miles of shipping represents a prodigious amount of cargo, which, if put upon the markets, must have some effect in lowering prices. Yet, so far as the stevedores are concerned, all that merchandise can rot in the holds. They have no need for extra money; therefore they won't do extra work. The odd thing to me is that these men and their brothers elsewhere don't see that if more cargoes were released by their work their own pockets must ultimately benefit.

I am beginning to wonder if some fine day your Sir Leo Chiozza Moneys, your Mr. Sidney Webbs, and your Mr. Smillies will have to go up and down the country preaching a very old gospel—"Do as you would be done by." I refuse to be considered a pessimist, but looking all round on things—especially on the wrong change one is always getting now in shops and at railway booking-offices—I sometimes feel that our commercial motto is, "Diddle others as you wouldn't like to be diddled." But, then, I am rather sore at the loss in one week of five shillings and fourpence in small change.

I likewise hear that a big ship laden to its hatches with thousands of tons of butter has been held up for weeks in a Western port. And they have cut down the butter ration to one ounce a week! Oh, Democracy, what cargoes perish in thy name!

STILL RUNNING!

By W. E. Wigfull

Quite Like a Novel

A few years before the War the name of Deacon loomed largely in that world of society which figures in the lists of guests at fashionable restaurants and hotels *de luxe* in London, Paris, Rome, and—in those days—Berlin. The family was American, and two of the sisters were beautiful, the elder incomparably so—like a Greek goddess. Cosmopolitan, as only Americans can be, they went everywhere.

It was felt—why one never quite knew, but the impression was not confined to one capital—that they had come to Europe with the hope of making great marriages. What happened to the elder sister was always a mystery. The glamour of Royalty for a Republican certainly had the effect in Rome of what is called "spoiling her chances," and in Berlin the effect of Imperial glamour was said to have resulted in beauty being handed its passports. In London she was within an ace of marrying the wealthiest of our peers. But that was before the entrance into "right down royal" circles in Rome and Berlin.

It is a strange story, and it has been brought back to my mind by the announcement that the second sister, who married Prince Anton Radziwill at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, is now seeking the annulment of her marriage from the Vatican on the ground that it took place against her will. During the ceremony the bridegroom was overcome and had to retire to a pew! What an opportunity for a bride who was being wedded "against her will" to make a bee-line for the door! It is a funny world, isn't it? And lovely woman is the funniest thing in it.

"Mr. Pim Passes By"

My brother "Jingle" will tell you all about *Mr. Pim Passes By*, but, oh! my children, if revue and the spectacle of acres of bare backs hasn't destroyed your appreciation of exquisite comedy, take my advice—go and see Miss Irene Vanbrugh at the New Theatre. The Comédie Française couldn't give you anything more fascinating, and certainly nothing half so amusing. Everything she does is done as no other actress can do it. And when she sews rings on a curtain you begin to feel you would rather like to be the curtain. I don't know much about the "art of the theatre," but to my simple mind this seems a triumph. And she is content to wear one dress only throughout the whole play. Another triumph!

Justification by Invoice

Last week I had occasion to speak what Homer called "winged words" to my tailor. I've been in debt to him most faithfully for years, and felt

(Continued on page 84)

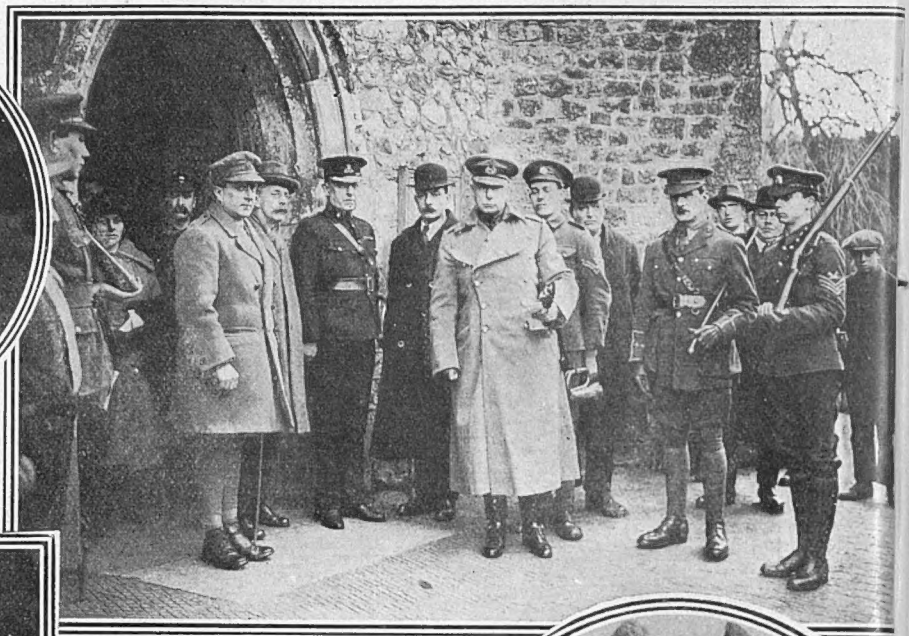
Political Personalities in Caricature

IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST DURING THE RECESS

BY D'EGVILLE

A "Bystander" Pot-Pourri:

LADY DOROTHY CAVENDISH
The third daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, whose engagement is announced to—



MAJ.-GEN. SIR CHARLES TOWNSHEND
At Hadlow, near Tonbridge, last week at the unveiling of a window to the memory of the men of the village fallen in the War

—CAPTAIN HAROLD MACMILLAN
Of the Grenadier Guards, youngest son of Mr. Maurice Macmillan, of the well-known publishing firm

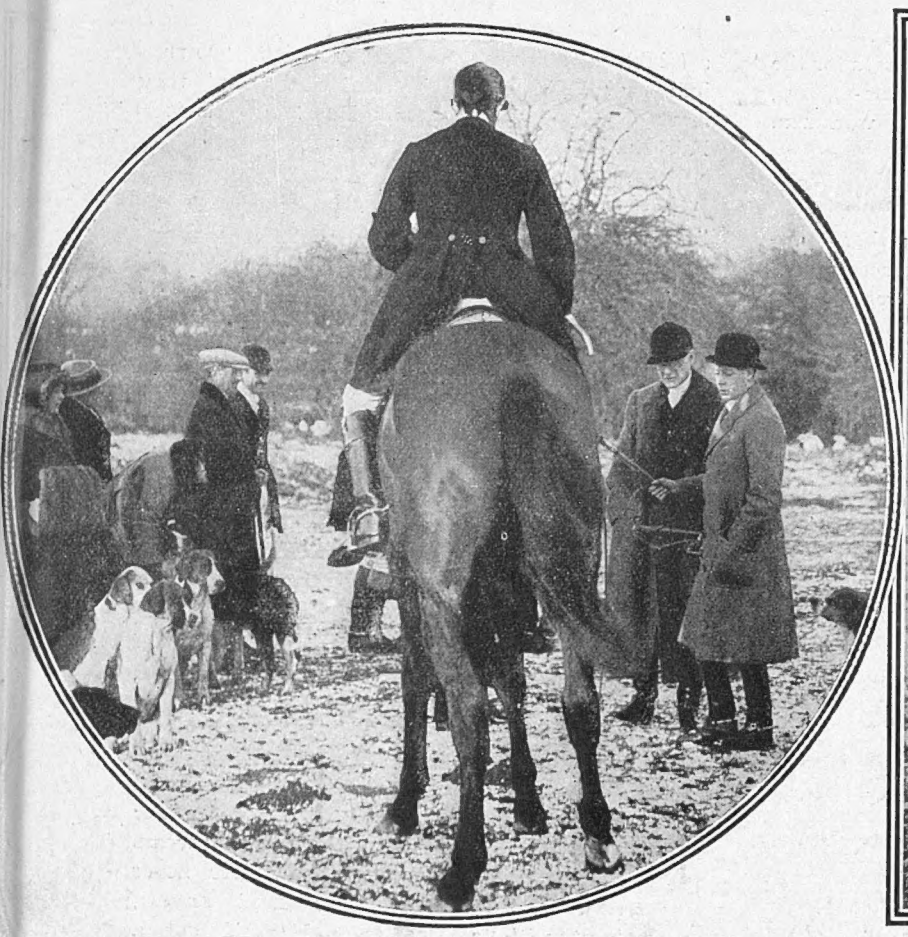
FANCY DRESS GROUP
At last week's Children's Ball at the Mansion Hou
The children of Mr. Stanley Grossmith

MISS OLIVE BONHAM CARTER
Who, it is announced, is to marry Captain L. R. V. Prentice, M.C., of Victoria, Australia, at St, James's, Piccadilly, on January 21st

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL ALEXANDROVITCH
Who, it is rumoured, has arrived at Irkutsk after escaping from a Bolshevic prison at Perm

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROGERS, C.M.G., D.S.O
Who has been appointed to the new military post of Provost Marshal of England

Doings of the Week in Pictures



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCESS MARY AT A MEET OF THE WEST NORFOLK FOXHOUNDS AT GRESSENHALL MILL, EAST DEREHAM

The Prince is seen talking with the Master—Major Seymour

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE MEET OF THE WEST NORFOLK FOXHOUNDS

The King, Queen Mary, and Queen Alexandra and party arriving at the Meet

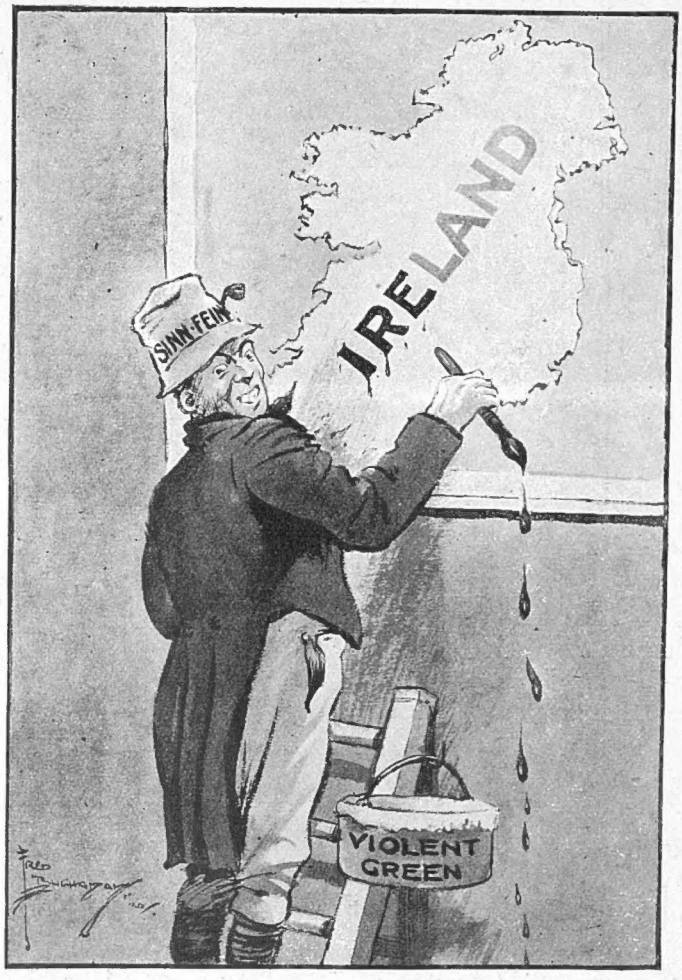
BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

I deserved more consideration in the way of charges. He carried me into a glass cupboard where all the bills are made out, and there he showed me invoices from manufacturers, which told that he himself has to pay at the rate of one shilling an inch for cloth !

On the top of that there are all the charges for the cotton, the extra sixpences to the button-makers, extra wages and shorter hours to the workmen. So there you have it.

Bill Gauber Orates

"'Ello, Clarence," remarked Bill Gawber cheerfully, "got any terbaccer ? Terbaccer, mind yer ; somethin' as yer can taste ; none o' yer (rotund)



TOUCHING UP THE "IRE" IN IRELAND
By Fred Buchanan

'Otel Carlton scented 'ay. Thanks," he added, as he groped in my pouch, "though I dunno as I got ter sye 'thanks,' no more than yer'll 'ave a mind ter do the pretty ter Jack Ketch when 'e turns yer orf. The Bystander crahd can (gory) well afford ter stand a fill ter a pore workin' man. Ow, yer ain't got no call ter look stoopid. Ain't the piper goin' ter show itself at the British Industries Fair next month ? an' dump itself by the ton on the benighted 'eathens as don't know no better ? My ! that'll be a show : button 'ooks, an' gran' pianners, an' airyplanes, an' door'andles ! But there's something I ain't seen in the list, as (purple) well orter be shown, an' that's the British workin' man."

"I quite agree that he is a curiosity, Bill, and that the foreigner would be impressed by the harmonious calm with which he goes about his task, by his slow. . . ."

"'Oo said slow ? yer (bloater). I sez this 'ere is a (pink) British Industries Fair, ain't it ? 'Oo runs industry ? The British workin' man. An' they leave 'im out ! An' call it a Fair ! I corls it a Fair Do."

Ireland

"I sez this 'ere Coalishern wheeze gives me the sick. Where's the workin' man as'll compare with the likes o' me ? Ow ! yer needn't look sarky ; if I cop yer suggestin' as we're below comparison, as yer did the other dye, I'll put it across yer. Strite ! I will. Some blokes don't know their (sanguinary) luck. Wot'd yer do, I'd like ter know, if yer wos livin' in Ireland ? with rifles a-goin' orf while yer was standin' at the corner of the street ? an' coppers a-runnin' yer in fer riding a bicycle on Collidge Green ? That'd mike yer (corroded) well smile on the wrong side o' yer (decorated) mug. Yer'll sye : Wot's wrong with Ireland ? yer'll sye. An' I'll tell yer orl's wrong, an' I'll tell yer for why : 'Cos Ireland ain't got no British workin' men. Yer never seen me burnin' a 'aystack, 'ave yer ? though I've orfen 'ad a mind ter burn down 'The Wheatsheaf,' fer puttin' on the clock at closin' time. Yer never seen 'Erb a-patrollin' in motycars in the (flocculent) moonlight. Yer never seen Mybel a-pottin' at Lord French, 'cept with a glad eye. If yer'd got a million workin' men in Ireland, the country'd tike it easy and put orf the Revolution. We wouldn't be 'urried. Not we."

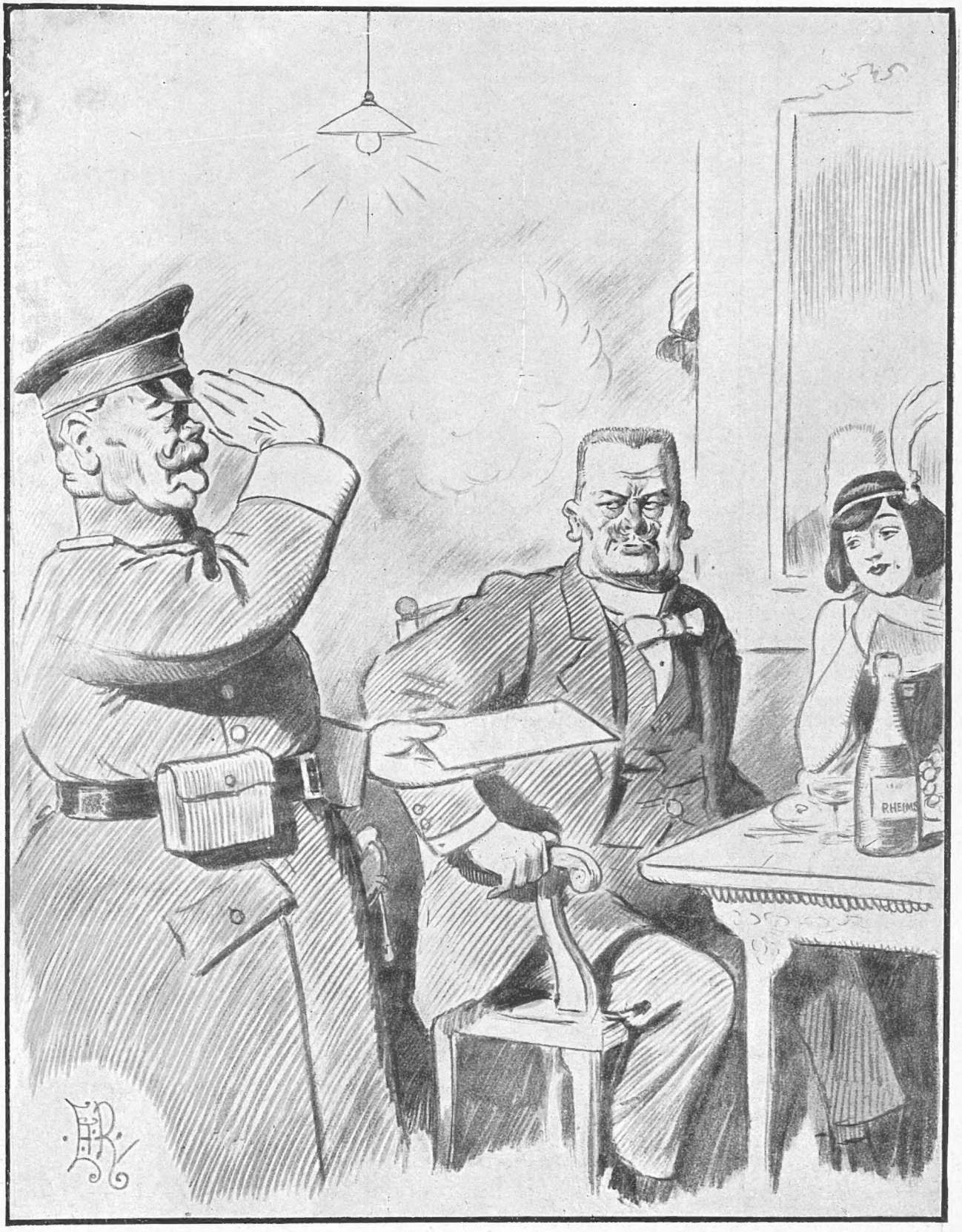
Fares

"Though, mind yer, yer mashers as 'as yer cuffs sewn on ter yer shirts may overdo it like if yer don't stop worritin' us. 'Ere's railway rites up anything between 25 and 50 per cent. Do yer think the (scarified) manufacturers are goin' ter take it out o' profits ? Not them. They'll tike it out o' prices, the (anthropoids). But I wouldn't mind that so much ; wot gets my goat, as my lodger usedter sye, as was a Yank, is this 'ere twopence a mile on the Toob. 'Cos a farthin' on the cheddar, I don't notice it like. It don't worry me, ony Mrs. Gawber. But on the Toob, I (scarlet) well 'as ter pye out of me own pocket."

"I'm sorry, Bill, but fares are up because the shareholders only get eight shillings' worth of goods for a pound, and so they want more."

"Ah !" growled Bill, "allus the sime song and dance. It's this 'ere materialistic age, as the parsons talks abaht. Mikes me sad, like. Everybody arter everybody's money. And the worst of it is, money don't ony tork ; money (detonatingly) well 'ops it."

The Day of Reckoning!

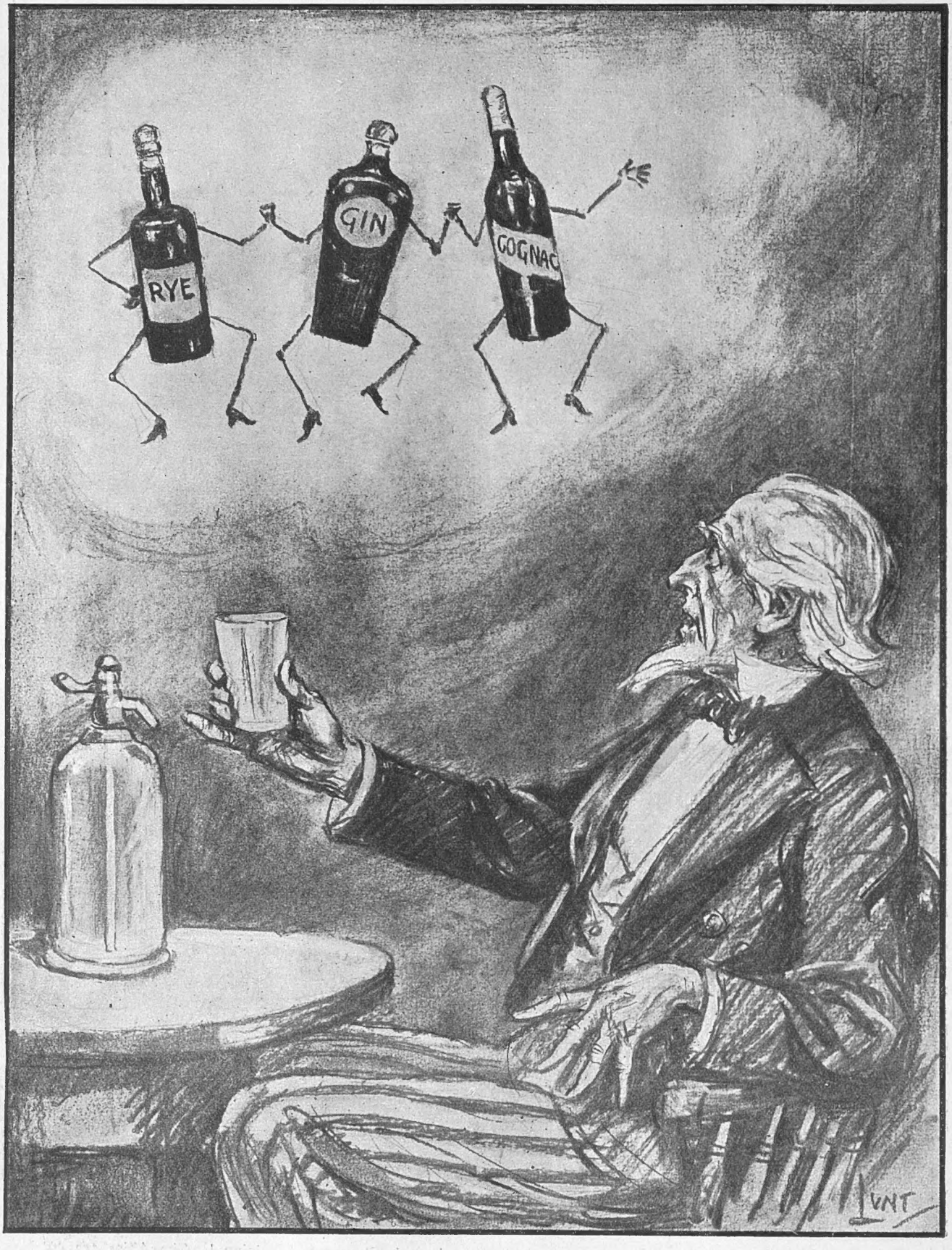


GERMAN MILITARY MISCREANT AND MALEFACTOR: "What is this? The bill (das Rechnung)?"

GERMAN POLICE OFFICIAL: "Yes, Herr General—for crimes in France and Belgium! The Allies are outside with a rope—sorry!"

BY E. T. REED

The Vision



IN THESE DAYS EVEN "SPIRITS" HAVE THEIR "GHOSTS"

BY WILMOT LUNT

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 12, 1920.
DEAR COUSIN—

How youth is wiping the floor with us these days! In literature, the "best-seller" of the year's been the infantile scribblings of an erstwhile young thing of some ten summers or so. In sport, a flapper carried off the World's championship. In the fashionable pursuit of poetry, all the high priests are little more than boys.

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IN the one-and-only pastime of the day—dancing—juvenescence scores over maturity every time. In music, the pianist of the moment is the young Arthur Rubinstein. In the realm of dress-design, immaturity now takes the floor. And in art. . . . Well, at all the new shows even the once so youthfully *épatant* John appears slightly middle-aged—against the sappy, vernal freshness of the rising generation!

"And in art . . . ."

卐 卐

TAKE the War Pictures Exhibition alone. Which "happens" in that last Refuge of Respectability and Corner of Conventions, the Royal Academy, but is quite wildly different from anything any official body has ever countenanced before. And yet, as a critic puts it, "holds promise of something much richer, more interesting, more spiritual than has been in English painting since the Middle Ages."

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IMAGINE the fearfully *muzzy* feeling that must surely come over the late-Victorian or Edwardian Academician—he who fed on the elaborate milky-wayishness of Poynter or supped on the refined archaism of Leighton—confronted with the amazing Stanley Spencer's "Wounded in Macedonia," where all the beardless cunning of all our neo-Primitives is brought to bear upon the contrast between hurt humanity and untroubled nature.

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OR observe our conventionalists *vis à vis* with the Nash brothers' "Menin Road" and "Oppy Wood." If such abomination of desolation really happened, I'm sure they'd say, then it's not fit for publication. After all "Baby in his Bath" happens too. And it's *much* more decent! And I guess they'd feel even worse about it when they got along to Wyndham Lewis's Cubistic "Battery Shelled," Henry Lamb's fifteenth century Florentine of "Irish Troops in the Judaean Hills" and Colin Gill's 9.2 howitzer in action that's also so most extraordinarily early-Italian and "primitive."

WHY is it, d'you think? I mean, was the War so big, so full of so many things, human and inhuman, live and mechanical, that the only proper, possible means of expressing it lies in the uttermost simplicity? Or are we getting back, *via* ingenuousness, to that idealism which Lord Robert Cecil calls "really the only thing worth living for and immeasurably more powerful than materialism?"

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PERFECTLY hair-raising stories going round about the huge and horrible fortunes being made by the profiteers out of a war-worn people. And the price of even the barest necessities of life has now got to the joke stage—where, I think, we might also put the really *funny* arrangement whereby hundreds of thousands of pounds are collected to feed Hun babies, and railway porters get £3 a week, the while ex-British officers walk the streets for a job, half starved and very nearly wholly cowed.

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FUNNY old world! And *full* of dance-clubs, if now even our *money's* going to cost us more, when the Bradbury output thins down next week. Leaving out all but the properest, even then they swarm, the places where one dances or dances-and-dines here in London now. Ciro's: the Embassy where the food's the thing, and the various members of the very jazzy band are well named,

'Railway porters get £3 a week"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

"Kings of Jazzapation"; Desti's, where, as well as dinner and dancing, points are made of conversation, and the most becoming lighting in London. . . .

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LAST week the New-Poor Club opened at the Suffolk Galleries—so that none should feel left out in the cold, so to speak, don't you know. In the Piccadilly's long and gilded ball-room they dance twice daily, at Prince's, at the Savoy, at Claridge's on Sunday nights, at the Grafton Galleries every night, at Murray's—there is no end to the tale.

"The New Poor Club"

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AND *then* one hasn't touched on even the fringe of all those lesser social Temples of old Terps, where from five bob downwards (as far as sixpence, I believe) you may jazz and one-step to your feets' content—except, of course, in Leyton, (wherever that is), where the Urban Council says it's not quite nice and that it won't have it.

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APROPOS, awfully tiresome how I always seem to *miss* these little overdrafts on the Bank of Decorum. True, from my dance-club education has, perhaps, been omitted an acquaintance with the more raffish variety of the species. But the jazz, I conclude, is the same, in high life as in low. And—well, to tell you the truth what *I've* seen of it's about the purest thing going here in London now. In fact, *so* pure it's been washed out from most of the smarter places, where now the waltz and tango are ever so much more "it," though the fox-trot and one-step still reign supreme.

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PATHETIC request to "keep the dancing craze going, Blanche, dear, until we come back" reaches me, by the way, from the gun-room of H.M.S. *Centurion*, now transferred to the *Ajax*, at Malta, but lately of Devonport. Very much of that last fair city it would seem, indeed, from some of the tales a little West Country bird has told me, *and* reading between the lines of the *Centurion* gun-room's own magazine, which wants to know—

(1) How to earn the money we spend.

(2) Whether the number of "engaged" midshipmen has reached double figures yet.

(3) Whether "George" does not mix mild ones for the young.

卐 卐

AND Mr. Churchill's warning about the Bolshie not being done with yet, reminds me of this, received from what calls itself "a very small and independent Air Force which is still entitled to put O.A.S. on its envelopes" that hangs out Somewhere in Finland. "I don't expect you even know of our existence, Blanche—the Air Ministry forgot about us for quite a long while. We are those 'intrepid air-men' you read about, who crash over and bomb the Bolshie in Kronstadt. It used to be a quite nice War once when he had no Archie or anything. But now we're fair froze to death, and the Bolshie not only dislikes us but lets us know it."

卐 卐

ALWAYS think it's rather good for us, don't you, grousing in the midst of every imaginable civilised comfort and luxury, to get these chits from the many little bits of England so very, very far across unfathomable seas? Our butter and our Bollinger may cost us more, we're taxed to the bone and profiteered upon to the ultimate frozen limit, and they say it's a positive scandal, the sweating of the judges in the Divorce Court. . . . But at least we do not eat our poisonous (peace) bacon (American), or drink our dusty tea, and nibble our bread-and-marge a hundred miles from our fellow-sufferers. We do share our joys and our sorrows. Holders-up of the Empire overseas do their so necessary task in loneliness we can hardly even imagine. Here's our thanks to them and some *extra* nice New Year's wishes. May all they have and are be multiplied unto them a thousandfold, may the time till "leaf" comes pass soon, and may England be worthy of her valiant and gallant sons!

卐 卐

BUT foolish, isn't it, to expect the world to be the same, after a five years' War, as before? To start with, we're all five years older, and *that's* not the nicest thing to happen. Only it's tiresome how War makes all the waste matter and none of the gold rise to the surface. Really, at places where the War Rich now do congregate, you almost feel you don't mind if there is to be a next war. For then, even these would have to go, wouldn't they?

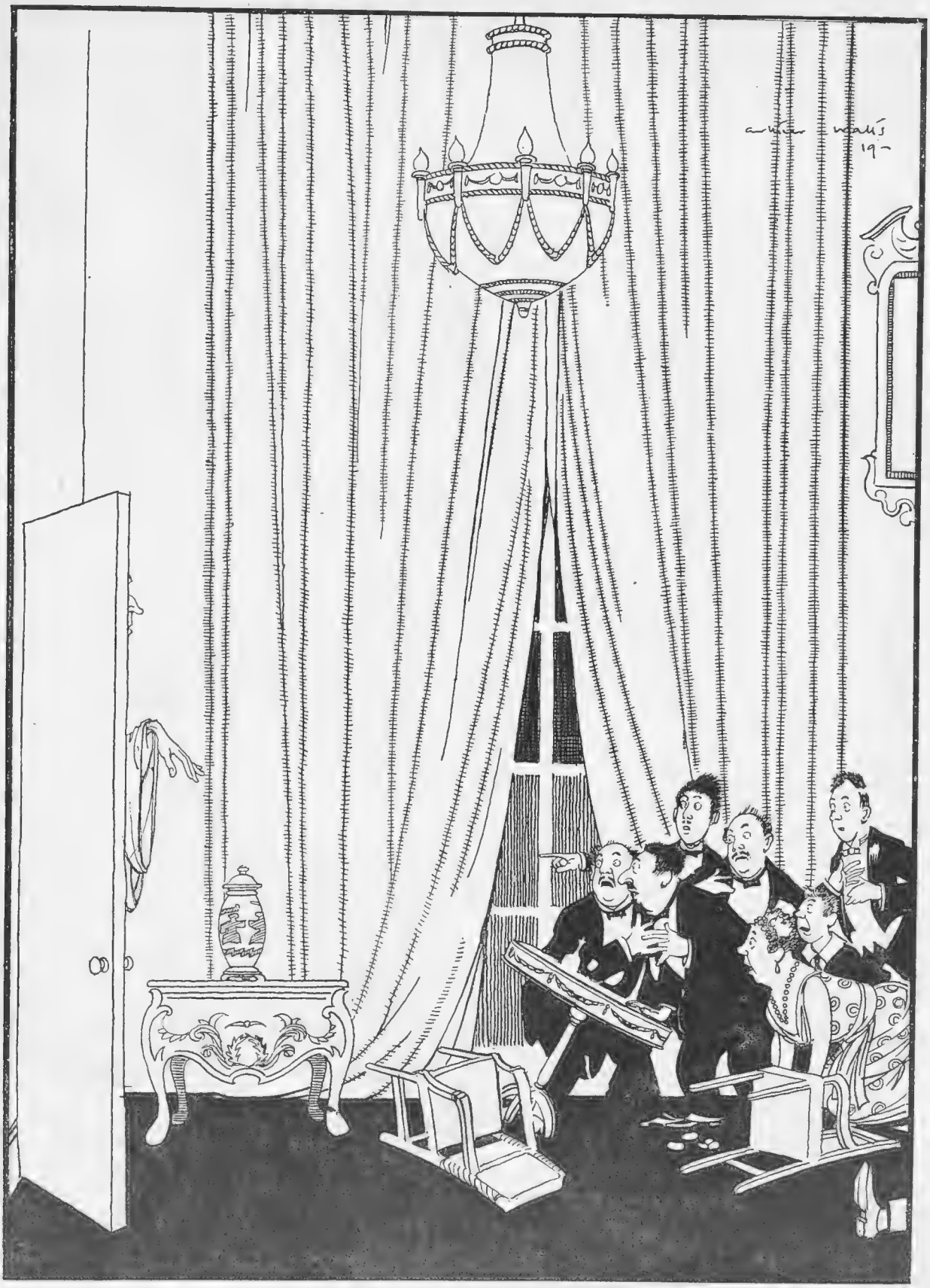
"Our butter and our Bollinger ma cost us more"

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHE

The Interrupted Séance



COMPLETE DEMORALISATION OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH PARTY ON ARRIVAL OF A REAL GHOST

BY ARTHUR WATTS

"Hope Springs Eternal—"

HOUSE HUNTER *(after a blank day)*: "Excuse me, old bean, but you don't by any chance contemplate vacating your residence in the near future, do you?"

BY ALFRED LEETE

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES.

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN.

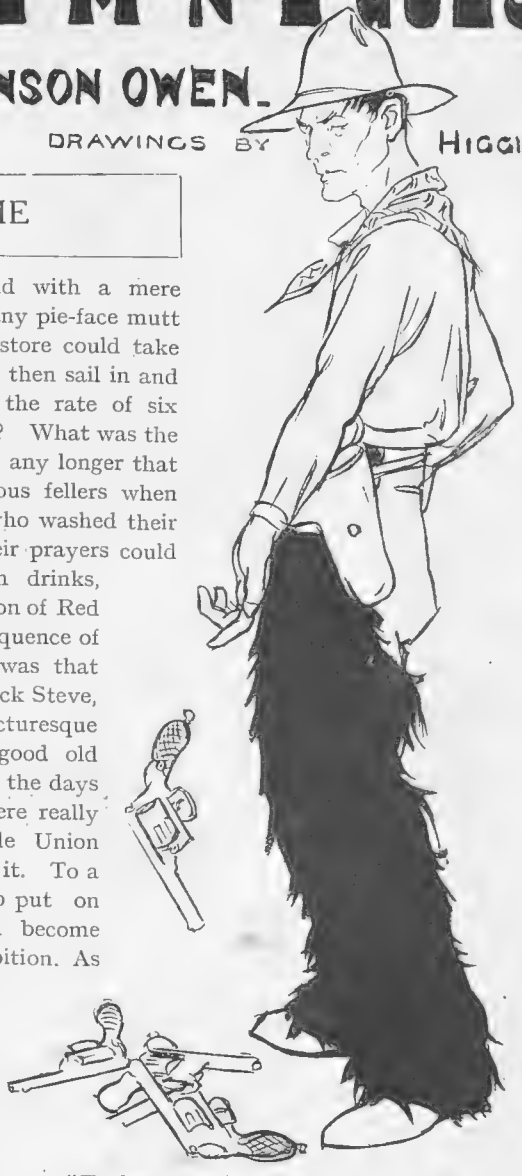
DRAWINGS BY HIGGINS.

No. XII.—REGGIE ON CRIME

"ALL the same," I remarked, "this outbreak of crime is very disquieting. One would have thought that, given the high ideals for which we fought. . . ."

"Every demobbed soldier would have joined the local church choir and opened a savings bank deposit," chimed in Reggie. "Not so, *mon ami*. What we are now witnessing is partly the last ebullition of the spirit of adventure which our stay-at-home orators did so much to foster during the long years of War. After people have been throwing Mills bombs about you can't expect them all to come home and merely throw a chest. Some of 'em can't forget their lethal habits in a hurry. After you've raided a dug-out full of hefty Fritzs, it appears to some people as being merely a soft thing to raid a sub-post-office and sneak the takings from the startled post-mistress. It doesn't occur to them that the first was done to save civilisation, and that the second is a return to the Stone Age. All they want is sufficient 'spondulics' to stay at a West End hotel, or run away with another feller's wife.

"The Great War, my lad, had many curious results which not even the wisest among us—say, Sir Auckland for example—could possibly have foreseen. I am told, on the best authority, that for one thing it achieved the final purification of the American Far West. The few Bad Men who still wandered about with guns in their belts, waiting to shoot occasional tenderfeet, threw up the sponge when they realised that some twenty millions of mankind were using machine guns all day long. Where was the sense, they argued, of swelling around with a mere six-shooter when any pie-face mutt from a city drug store could take a brief course, and then sail in and plug Germans at the rate of six hundred a minute? What was the good of pretending any longer that they were dangerous fellers when beardless youths who washed their necks and said their prayers could wipe out, between drinks, the whole population of Red Gulch? The consequence of this bitter truth was that Lone Dick and Black Steve, and all the other picturesque remnants of the good old times, decided that the days of the Bad Men were really over. Their Trade Union had a ballot over it. To a man they voted to put on black clothes and become lecturers for Prohibition. As such they have done infinitely more harm to their fellow men than in the bad days when they wore red shirts and shot up the saloon bars because the local pizen hadn't agreed with them.



"The final purification of the American Far West"

"But, unfortunately, the purification of the Far West has led to a sad decline of morals in our own West End. What is it the scientific Johnnies say—to every action there's an equal and opposite reaction? In other words, this old globe of ours is amazingly resilient. If you push it in a bit at one place it bulges out at another. If you eliminate the last of the hold-up gentlemen in Arizona and Colorado you're bound to get the species popping up somewhere else. And what more natural than that it should appear in England, where human life's the only thing the Profiteers are content should be cheap? It's the law of natural compensation. America having achieved Heaven on Earth, it's our turn to supply the little bit of Hades without which Mankind would get moral dyspepsia."

"But you wouldn't pretend it's a desirable thing?"

"Desirable, my dear old thing? Not by any means. I'm always against these imported foreign customs. For centuries England was the only place in the world where every feller carried a sovereign purse and no man carried a gun. But times have changed.

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES (*concluded*)

The man who shows a sovereign runs an imminent risk of being sandbagged, and the feller who flourishes a pistol is regarded as a playful hero trying to settle down to civil life—until it goes off and provides another painful sensation.

"And yet I'm not so sure it hasn't got its good side—all this shooting practice. It's going to hurry up the settling down process. Every bullet fired at a bank manager is another nail in the coffin of all this international stuff talked by the dear Socialists. Every small sample of Bolshevism we get within telephoning distance of Charing Cross does more to wake up the latent sanity of John Bull than a whole week-end massacre carried out by Trotsky and Co. at Kieff or Vladikovkoskiusco. It's hard on the bank managers, but they're now doing their bit for the Old Country, just as their clerks did during the well-known and recent Great War.

"The other day I was talking to a charming Russian lady who rightly bemoaned the fate to which her unhappy country was now reduced. But she was sure, she said, that the nasty things that are happening are not really due to Brothers Lenin and Trotsky. Lenin was a gentle dreamer, she said, and stout old Trotsky was too busy to bother about details of that sort. Consequently, I gathered, we are not to blame either of these two eminent gentlemen for the horrid habits of their less philosophical followers. They look on these things as regrettable errors, but they have so many death warrants and bills of lading and things to sign that they can't spare time to chide their naughty Commissaries. And if a sweet Russian dancer, with bells on her toes, can talk like this, do not let us be too surprised when some of our wilder Socialists get up and proclaim that *thé à la Russe*, as brewed by Trotsky and Co., is the best beverage for the world's toiling millions.

"So we must not be dismayed every time a calmly desperate gentleman walks into a bank, and demands money without the formality of opening an account; or when a well-dressed young man steals a motor-car, and then holds up the limousines of the rich on the Brighton Road. Rather let us—while sorrowing for the victims—take comfort from the fact that every prod so delivered into the epidermis of the British public makes it more and more certain that the Old Country will not replace the Church, the Bar, and the Army by brigandage, massacre, and torture as the *chic* professions for the rising generation. I was never really afraid we should, but it's as well to have all the safeguards possible in these days of half-baked theories and hard-boiled politicians.

"Let us, therefore, old thing, frankly look facts in the face, and accept the situation that for the time being life in England is a dangerous and precarious business. Desperadoes lurk in every tea shop. The nicely-spoken young man who serves your Aunt at the Stores may meet her later in the evening and relieve her of her hand-bag. In every 'bus, tram, and Tube the Middle Classes now have the possibility of figuring for nothing in the sort of adventures they pay to see on the movies. You may expect to be garrotted at a jazz tea, or held up at the Opera. There's no end to the sort of joyous thing that may happen to anybody.

"And if I'm not much mistaken, once the public thoroughly realises this it will revel in it. One hates to think that there is no adventure left in life. There are no longer wolves in England. The Brontosaurus was extinct long even before 1914. It's too tame for words without something of the kind. But now we've got our Bad Men, and it only remains for the public to live up to 'em. Before long I foresee that every flapper will carry a life-preserver in her muff. Theatre parties will lift down the family revolver before setting out for the Far West End. The lady who goes shopping may forget her powder puff, but never her dainty, pearl-handled automatic. And before long it'll have to be a Piccadilly shooting-match very much out of the ordinary that'll make the newspaper fellers give it more than a paragraph."

"Come, come, Reggie. You dont' mean to tell me. . . ."

"I do, old thing, most emphatically I do. If the gentlemanly thugs and bandits keep it up we shall all join in. We're a sporting nation, and we can't bear to see other people having all the fun Instead of having Rat Weeks we'll organise Footpad Fortnights, and everybody who plugs one of 'em will get the O.B.E. . . . I tell you, it'll be more popular than jazzing. There's nothing like making the reward fit the crime."

"It only remains for the public to live up to 'em"

Oddments and Oddities

HOW LONDON EATS

BY LAURA WILDIG

CINDERELLA

AT DRURY LANE

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is an extremely polite and ladylike version of the familiar fairy tale. It tells the story of Cinderella as nice people would like to have it told, in an atmosphere where everybody is clean and agreeably well-to-do, and where there is a comfortable air of prosperity about everybody and everything. The ugly features have been gracefully eliminated from the present version; and Cinderella's sisters, so far from being merely plain young persons, are quite attractive.

INDEED, considering that one of the sisters is represented by the versatile Miss Lily Long, there must have been a little danger at one stage of the production that the Prince would waver a little in his traditional allegiance to Cinderella and consider the Lily instead. But, of course, no author would dare to take such a liberty as that with one of our classics. Cinderella's parents are the Baron and Baroness Beauxchamps; but they are no longer the titled people of ancient pantomime who wear red noses and are everlastingly out to borrow half-crowns. The Baron, for instance, represented by Mr. Harry Claff, is evidently a man of large means, and we can see for ourselves that he dresses with the taste and expensiveness to which his rank entitles him.

THE Baroness is Mr. Will Evans, who, so far from glorying in the accentuated grotesqueness of his make-up, would appear this year to have been taking lessons from a beauty-doctor. He has made himself look as attractive as possible, and more than once he reminded me of a very well-known actress, who is commonly regarded, even now, as something of a beauty. He was dressed daintily in a fashion several years ahead, and proved that even a baroness's wardrobe can be useful as well as ornamental.

ARTHUR CONQUEST AS OLD CROWLEY

STANLEY LUPINO AS 'PIPCHIN'

I HAVE often wondered what can be the attraction of these artificial excrescences that the ladies from period to period affect in their costumes; but it has been left for Mr. Will Evans to enlighten me. His Baroness is dressed in the *pannier* style, and I see now what a practical fashion it is. By shifting your left-hand *pannier* a few points to the nor'-

nor'-west you have at hand a convenient table from which you may eat your mutton sandwiches, or whatever it is you may be having for dinner that day; and by reversing the machinery to the opposite point of the compass, you have available a ready-made card-table, on which you can play a friendly game of nap without having to sit down to it. I saw Mr. Evans do these things, so that I do not speak without expert knowledge of my subject.

CINDERELLA is Miss Florence Smithson, the dainty little lady with the top-note that is always so clear and bird-like. But Cinderella this year is not the downtrodden child who is at everyone's beck and call. Instead of having to skirmish about with a broom, and to dress in the cast-offs of her elder sisters, Cinderella is nicely attired, and has plenty of leisure for wandering about and singing blithely. When the others have all gone to the ball she becomes, it is true, Cinderella-sit-by-the-fire; but the fire is in the Servants' Hall, and the sadness in her heart is really nothing to write home about. From the Servants' Hall to Fairyland is, perhaps, a long, long road to travel, but pantomime has special facilities for bridging distances of time and space. As Cinderella sits by the extensive fireside, the Fairy Godmother, dutifully obeying tradition, suddenly emerges from a crack in the wallpaper. She is a white-haired, wrinkled old woman at first; but as soon as she begins to speak a great change comes over her. Her white hair and old clothes disappear as if by magic, if not more so, and she stands before us a lovely creature, superbly dressed in white and gold, a fine type of what I believe is known to the elect as a perfect peach.

AT a wave of the peach-like godmother's wand, the fireplace fades away, and we are in Fairyland, with industrious fairies setting a good example to poor humans by putting their backs into

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

their job of preparing Cinderella's outfit for the Ball. The usual pumpkin is there; and as its rind unfolds itself, by an automatic process of which I do not possess the secret, we see a lovely carriage, beside which the Lord Mayor's coach seems very small potatoes indeed. Then six dinky little ponies trot in from nowhere by way of supplying the motive power. All the rest of the usual luxuries, to which by now Cinderella must have grown accustomed, are showered upon her lavishly; and in case she should have a fancy for brilliant surroundings and gorgeous scenery, these are thrown in generously to cheer her up. For rich, gilt-edged splendour this scene must constitute a record even for Mr. Arthur Collins. It is as wonderful as the Brontosaurus, and very much more alive.

THEN there is Mr. Stanley Lupino. At first he is just a Wild Boy of the Woods, who lives in a hollow tree; but, of course, we soon had him out of that. His name in the pantomime is Pipchin, and at first he is in love with Cinderella. But a mere Wild Boy could not expect to have a chance against a Prince Charming, and so he bursts into song instead, informing us in homely chorus that he *would* like an egg for his tea. A little later on Mr. Lupino sings an illuminating song, entitled "The Worse You are the More the Ladies Love You!" I did not know this before, and I see now where I have slipped up. I made the mistake of thinking that by sporting the white flower of a blameless life I stood at least an even chance with the other chaps; but it is clear to me now that the girls don't take to me because I am too good for them. Thus even at pantomime-time may one stumble occasionally upon a great general truth.

There is quite a clever scene between Mr. Will Evans and Mr. Lupino, designed, apparently, to show that if you want to be 'nasty" with anyone you can do so, even with all the chances against you. Mr. Evans, coming upon a country scene, observes, "this is a nice place." Mr. Lupino replies casually, "Is it?" As Mr. Evans pathetically explains, if he says a place is nice it is not for Mr. Lupino to question his good taste by the bald and impertinent comment of "Is it?" And that, of course, leads up to the "row." As a lively scene built upon nothing but the art of the two actors, this is an extremely able piece of nonsense.

THE songs are excellent, and one or two of them have, of course, the necessary political reference. There is a very amusing ditty sung by Mr. Evans about Mr. Lloyd George, who, they tell me, has something to do with the Government. But to the "scream" is the song (with chorus) given by the Prince and his friends when they are deciding as to the people they will invite to the Ball. Numbers of well-known personages are mentioned, and at the end of every verse an old fellow jumps up excitedly and cries, "Don't forget the Geddes! We must have the Geddes as well!" This pointed reference to the famous Supermen, who have, it would seem, failed to supe, as it were, has a most hilarious reception. Miss Marie Blanche as Prince Charming makes a charming Prince (I said it first!), and for the rest the pantomime is just a happy medley of mirth and loveliness which must be seen to be believed.

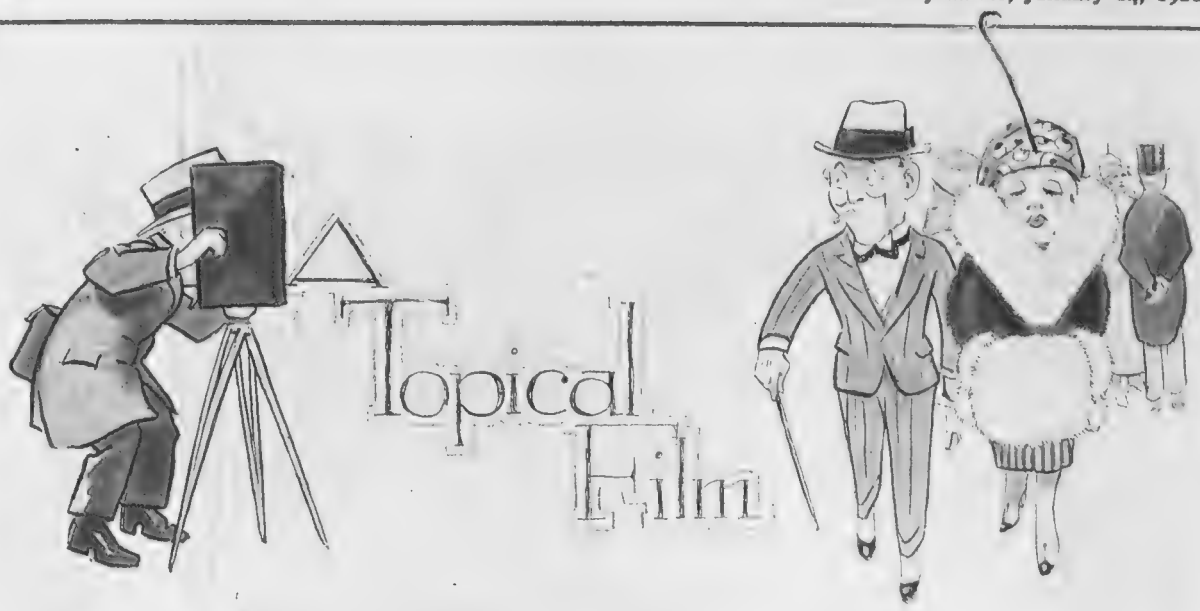
JINGLE

To Keep It On The Spin

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS DORMA LEIGH

Who has a principal part in Mr. de Courville's new revue "The Whirligig" which Sir Alfred Butt is now presenting at the Palace



A Topical Film

By REGINALD ARKELL *Illustrated by ALFRED LEETE.*

ONE day, the first in my wedded life,
I went for a walk without the wife,
And, as luck would have it, I chanced to meet
A very nice girl in Regent Street.

We went to the races in Kempton Park,
We didn't get home until after dark;
And luck smiled on us, until we met
The camera man of the "Film Gazette."

I've never discovered the reason why
He turned the handle as we went by;
I fancy he probably thought that we
Belonged to the old aristocracy!

I'm not a fellow with lots of side,
But my Sunday suit had been nicely dyed,
And made me surely the smartest thing
On show, that day, in the Silver Ring.

And now, whenever the wife says: "John,
"To-night, as I have got nothing on,
"Suppose we shut up the house, and go
"By way of a change, to a picture show—."

I tell her the evening is cold and wet,
Because she might possibly feel upset
To see me kissing the girl I met—
On a page of the topical "Film Gazette.'

"They've Evidently Seen Me"—

—AND A DARN GOOD JOB TOO!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Very Much "On the Wing"

Photograph *G.P.A.*

A DARING EXAMPLE OF "AEROBATICS"

A fine photograph showing a daring feat executed on an aeroplane, the pilot having left his "joy-stick" and climbed on to the upper wing of the plane, where he remained for some time, while his machine continued on its course

"Minet has—

The Bystander in PARIS

"ÉCONOMISONS!"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

—caught a mouse"

MES AMIS—

"*Économisons!*" everyone says. It is remarkable how everyone says it in the most perfect unison, almost as if they had spent too much at Christmas. The chiefs of our Government say it. Everyone who makes a speech in which he wishes to show that he is a very perfect patriot, though he was an *embusqué* in the War, says it very loud: "*Économisons!*" There are of one's friends some who complain that their husbands mutter the horrible word when they so much as mention a hat they have seen or how quickly silk stockings wear out when one dances. There are others whose views on the penurious nature of parents are expressed in an *argot* that cannot be repeated, and even Gi-Gi (I would pray those of you who do not speak French to push out the lips and say Jee-Jee when you name my little friend), even Gi-Gi, has complained that I myself, when we have discussed where we should dine, have whispered to myself "*économisons!*"

THE absurd part of the business is that everyone knows that there are some whose nature it is to economise and some who are born to spend. If it were not so, how in the world could anyone do any business? When the money is spent someone else will save it, and it was really rather absurd of the good people of Montmartre to make that little scene in the Place Pigalle on Christmas Eve and hiss the merry ones who had paid through the nose for their pleasures and tipped away half a fortune. The hoarders will get it all soon enough.

THOSE who love economy can comfort themselves with the little history which the fishmonger told my *femme de ménage*, who told it to me. It is a history of the lean days after the fêtes. One morning the excellent M. Morue has sat among his fish, calculating how he would increase the price, when the telephone has rung. It was the *maison* of the Comtesse d'X. which spoke, and the good Morue has thought: "Ah! this will be an excellent affair." "On the part of the Comtesse d'X," the telephone has said, "and will you please send as soon as possible four *sous'* worth of heads of herrings for the cat?" M. Morue has calculated how it would take the time of his *garçon*, at a cost of eight *sous*, to deliver the order, and so he has delayed.

AT mid-day the telephone has rung again. "*Fichure!* the heads of herring for the cat of the comtesse," said M. Morue. It has been the maid who spoke. "If you have not sent the heads of herring," she said, "it is not now worth the trouble, as Minet has caught a mouse."

AT first I have thought that it was for the economy that the ladies have made this year's fashion. One would save so much if one could order only the trousers and the waistcoat of one's evening clothes, but Gi-Gi tells me that the frocks that are only a skirt and chiffon braces are not any cheaper.

JUST to help us to save our money, the Government goes to make everything dearer. They have raised the price of the sugar and the bread. Every letter must have a stamp of five *sous*, and the 'bus, tramway, and train fares are to be raised, so that it will be cheaper to take a taxi or an aeroplane. The only real piece of economy I have seen was at "dancing," which I will not name. On every table was a bottle of champagne. But Gi-Gi wanted only lemonade, and I a *vermouth cassis*.

"The champagne bottle is empty," said the waiter

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

It seemed a poor sort of order, with all the world drinking champagne, but I glared at the waiter to intimidate him, and he answered meekly, "*Bien, Monsieur.*" When he came back with the glasses he carried also a bottle of champagne in an ice pail. "*Mais, garçon—*," I said. "*Oui, oui, Monsieur,*" he said, "here are the lemonade and the *vermouth cassis*. The champagne bottle is empty. It is only *pour encourager les autres*, and especially the Americans."

Perhaps I should not give away the little "bluff" of my countrymen in that fashion, but it may save your money to know when you come over that champagne bottles are sometimes used as a kind of table ornament, like Worcester sauce *chez vous*. And apropos of that, Marcel confesses that the first time he was in England he poured himself out half a glass from the cruet-stand and tried to drink it, thinking it was the *vin ordinaire* of the country.

"'Voilà, the wife of Diogenes,' said Pierre Viel"

When one is not being urged by someone to economise just now, one is being urged by someone else to save the French race from extinction by becoming an ancestor. There was one day this week that some of us were gathered round an *apéritif* in the Napolitain, when there came in (it was a bitter afternoon of wind and rain) a sandaled nymph in flowing Greek robes carrying a lantern. "*Voilà!* the wife of Diogenes!" said Pierre Viel. To each of us and everyone in the café she gave a little tract to tell us how she had eleven children and we should all do the same.

In order to carry on the good work I have sent my copy of the tract to Mlle. Agnès, who has been spending Christmas down at Nice with the mother of her *fiancé*, but what I want to know is how one is to economise and save money, have eleven children, and pay one's taxes and the price of things all at the same time. And as one cannot do all, which should one do first?

PHILIPPE

PARIS IN FLOOD-TIME: THE ÉCLUSE DE LA MONNAIE SUBMERGED

Wars may come and wars may go—including "Big Bertha"—but Paris floods remain a hardy annual. This year they are as perious as ever, and at one point near Pont de Bercy, water is creeping over the roadway, and a wooden footbridge is being erected for pedestrians

Some Superstitions

EASTERN GUILE

ISAAC OF YORK: "Now then, Sir Brian, don't you forget it's unlucky to kill a money spider"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

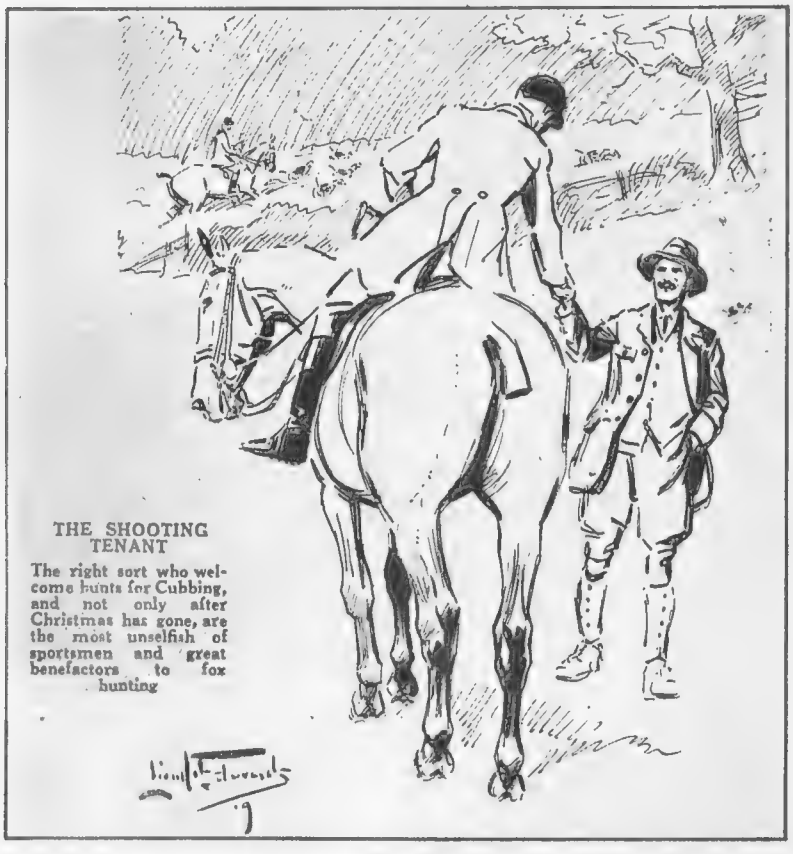
The Sportsman's Debt

THE EARTH STOPPER

He is, nowadays, usually an under-keeper. Upon his work, during the night before hunting, the sport of the day almost entirely depends, and a miserable cold job it is in the Winter, especially when rain, darkness and wind conspire against him. He is paid by the Hunt

THE KEEPER

Without his good-will it is difficult to preserve foxes, for he has unrivalled opportunities of des- ying them, and to him they are, at the best, a nuisance. "Find" money alone encourages him to take a more kindly view of the situation



THE SHOOTING TENANT

The right sort who welcome hunts for Cubbing, and not only after Christmas has gone, are the most unselfish of sportsmen and great benefactors to fox hunting

THE SMALL HOLDER

He has little to gain and a fair amount to lose on account of t small size of his holding and slender financial resources. He by no means necessarily hostile—in fact his attitude almo entirely depends on the prompt and liberal payment of poult claims

There is no truer sportsman than the genuine English peasant and very few people, even amongst those who hunt, realise how numerous are those upon whom the enjoyment of their sport depends. There are, unfortunately, only too many who consider that their obligations have ended with the payment of a minimum subscription. In actual fact, without

to the Sporting Rustic

THE HEDGER AND DITCHER

Upon his skilled work the pleasure of riding over a country largely depends. He benefits indirectly by the sport, for the Hunts usually give prizes annually for the best kept hedges and ditches

THE TERRIER MAN

Without him many foxes would be lost. He is directly or indirectly paid by the Hunt

THE FARMER

Although he indirectly benefits by hunting, there are, nevertheless, times when thoughtless people make him forget its benefits, and it says much for the good sportsmanship of farmers in general (comparatively few of whom hunt themselves) that they nearly always welcome hounds

"CHARLIE"

Without him labour is in vain, for on plenty of wild foxes the sport must ever depend

the good-will and many services rendered by quite a large number of folk who are only indirectly concerned in the sport, there would be no foxhunting at all. Our artist has sketched above some types of those to whom the fox-hunter is deeply indebted

Drawn by Lionel Edwards

Just as it Used to Be

BY THE BYSTANDER BACK IN BERLIN

THE Bystander-Back-in-Berlin's latest conviction is that after a lost War, a first-class Revolution, a universal physical, moral, and psychical over-turn, the essential pre-War Prussia, only a shade adulterated by brand-new Socialist permeation, survives. Externals have changed. People are thin; shops are untidy; trains are overcrowded; everything's unpainted except an occasional female face. But the essential bossful, bureaucratic, all-registering, inquisitive, enjoining, and *verboten*-ing Prussia flourishes in its glad old way.

THIS, of course, would be an amazing result did one not already know the desperate doggedness of human inertia. Everyone honestly believes that Prussland revolted not only against Wicked Wilhelm the War-Loser, but also against Bureaucracy, police regulation, the suppression of the individual, the unrelenting bossdom of the State. Therefore, in theory, Prussland ought now to enjoy British freedom in the full measure of what Mathew Arnold called "Doing as One Likes." But it's not so. What the other poet, Herr von Goethe, said of the world:

Der Mensch ist nicht geboren frei zu sein,

"Mankind is not intended to be Free,"

applies just as closely in Socialistic as in Hohenzollern Prussia. Just as then, you are bossed, ordered, entered up, written down, arranged, qualified, enjoined, requested, commanded, and *verboten* until you imagine you are back under Frederick the Great-and-Good, who published that famous decree that "all slippers purchased after the 9th of November must be registered with the police."

THE Socialist Police is quite like the Hohenzollern Police. When you get into emancipated Berlin, and have begun to rejoice at the sweet disappearance from the street of those extraordinarily broad, tough, spiked-helmeted, besworded constables who stood stiff at every street corner; when you have begun to chuckle over the fact that at last here is an Arcadian country which keeps order without any police at all, you suddenly run up against the fact that the Police is mightier than ever. When the Berlin-Bystander got Back-to-Berlin he imagined he'd be ignored and left alone—the REVOLUTION, he argued, must be immersed only in the highest political experiments; and it is well-known that all Revolutions spell indifference and disorder. But from the moment the B.-in-B. got Back-to-B. he's been circularised officially, invited to call at various bureaucratic headquarters, and taxation authorities, and police authorities, and municipal authorities.

FIVE times already has the B.-Back-in-B. been at the sandstone Rathaus of his tame south-western suburb; and every time he's been asked for his papers, his passport, his other evidence of identity, certificates of birth, copies of entries in his house-book, excerpts from his grand-uncle's memoirs, full details of all his pre-War addresses in Berlin. Before he left Scandinavia a neutral acquaintance found him a furnished flat. Since he arrived he has paid seven visits to the local Dwellings Office, which asked him for four documents; to the Central Dwellings Office in the Klopstockstrasse, which asked him for five documents; and to the Local Dwellings Office again; and when he imagined that his right to occupy the flat was finally, unequivocably decided, along came a ponderous document asking for more documents, addressed to: "Herr Great-British-Citizen Newspaper-Foreign-Service-Reporter Peter Wilderjinks Robinson."

WHEN he flew back to the Central Dwellings Office, an incendiary Socialist bureaucrat, who in theory ought to have been planning to blow up the Bismarck Monument, looked out over a pair of dull blue spectacles; and said with ultra-Prussic gravity:

"Yes, *Mein Herr*, but you have not brought the addendum to document No. 7835466b. The other documents are in order. And there is a memorandum from the Municipality of Schoeneberg, dated 6th Dec., 1919, and bearing the number 803 Bx, which isn't here. If it is convenient, please come back to-morrow, and bring these papers."

YES, the Revolution's deranged everything except the SYSTEM. The B.-B.-in-B.'s best Danish friend in Berlin has a daughter who, on November 14 celebrated her sixth birthday. Of course, she'd been registered, docketted, entered up as even sucklings in Prussland are. The just Prussic law enjoins that all children begin schooling at six. Well, on November 14, at six in the evening, when little Lotten—that's her name—was demonstrating to other infants that the doll she'd just got from her mamma wore real, live lace-fringed knickerbockers, came a stern ring to the door; and a bureaucratlet postman with important gesture handed in a paper.

"A present!" exclaimed Lotten. "A birthday card!"

It was opened. "Berlin-Schoeneberg, 15th November, 1919," it read. "You are hereby given notice that your daughter, Fräulein Lotten Jensen, to-day completed her sixth birthday; and that, under all the penalties laid down by Paragraph 132763 of the Prussian School Ordinance, you are requested and required. . . ."

YES, Revolutions in Prussland are foam on the top. The solid, creamy, substantial beer beneath is unchanged.

Bedroom Scenes—Off the Stage!

Photograph *Central News*

No, this is not a rehearsal of a new American play—it's something very much more in touch with real life than that. In fact, they tell us that, in these times, it is quite an everyday sort of scene behind the walls of some of the leading stores. It is simply a few mannequins showing off the dainty perfections of the latest designs in night attire. But if this sort of thing is to go on, shopping in the West End will become, for mere man, even more thickly surrounded with perils than it already is!

THE MIRROR OF THE MIND

By A. A. THOMSON

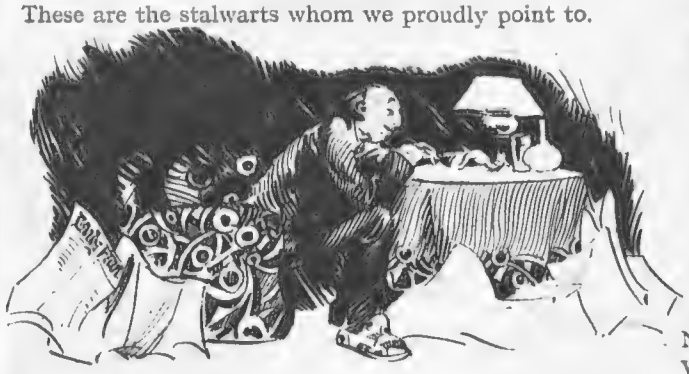
("*The daily collection of letters in this journal I regard as the expansive mirror of the real thoughts of the British People.*"
—DAILY PAPER.

"Will wooden houses stand an earthquake's shocks?"
"Should low church clergymen wear purple socks?"

So now we know wherein lies England's splendour;
Where shine the jewels of her intellect;
No more from thoughtlessness need we defend her;
Her mind is audited and found correct.
These are the things (let us rejoice to tell 'em)
Which prove our country has a cerebellum.

Their restless thoughts are ever animated
By Empire-moving subjects such as these:
"Short notes on How it feels to be cremated."
"A psycho-analytic view of cheese."
"A Scot's misgiving at collection-bag-time,"
Or "Einstein's Theory applied to ragtime."

Says A: "I heard the cuckoo in October."
Another writes: "I feed my horse on eggs."
And C: "My great-aunt's cat is rarely sober;
Drink has a strange effect upon its legs."
When cynics say: "The times are out of joint, too,"
These are the stalwarts whom we proudly point to.



They ask, these denizens of Bath or Bootle:
"Can crayfish crochet?" "Can a glow-worm swim?"
"Do draughts and ludo tend to make one brutal?"
And "What was Charles the Second's fav'rite hymn?"

Now I confess—I dare not tell a whopper;
Veracious principals I've aye imbibed—
My feeble intellect must come a cropper,
Judged by the standards that I've just described.
And yet ('tis strange) I somehow feel inclined
To thank my stars I haven't got a mind.

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

The Shimmy Shakes Suburbia!

SOME NOTES AT A "PALAIS DE DANSE"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Bolshevism in the Home

By ARTHUR MILLS

It is the sad story of Montmorency Brown that suggests to me the subject for this little paper. Monty was not of strong physique, and only towards the end of the War found the opportunity of service with one of our garrison battalions in Russia. After seeing much of the horrors of the Lenin and Trotsky rule, he was eventually invalided out of the Army and came home. The outrages of the Russian revolutionaries had left their mark upon his mind. His doctor emphasised to Mrs. Monty the necessity of keeping away from him anything that suggested social upheaval—such as the increased price of coal, insubordination in the police force, railway strikes, "in fact, Madame," the doctor said, "your husband has returned from Russia with a horror of Bolshevism."

Mrs. Monty looked at their trim little maid servant laying the cloth for lunch, at the black tomcat curled up peacefully asleep in the chair, at their pretty patch of back garden, and said, "Well, doctor, he won't find anything of that sort here."

Monty was delighted to be back once more in his own house, and sat down contentedly after dinner to smoke his pipe in the back garden.

"My dear," he said, as his eye roamed lovingly round his domain, "why has that netting been put up round the wall?"

"That is because of Antony," his wife answered. "Antony has been very peculiar the last few weeks. He absolutely refuses to catch mice, and he goes out all night and every night. We have put up the netting to try to keep him at home."

"H'm," said Monty, "funny a cat not wanting to catch mice. By the way, I have asked the Dalys to dinner to-morrow."

"Oh, Monty, not to-morrow," answered his wife—"that is Ada's evening out."

"Well, I will ring up Daly in the morning and suggest the following evening," he said, then, seeing a troubled expression still upon his wife's face, he added: "that will be all right, won't it, dear?"

"I think we had better not have them this week," said Mrs. Monty, "I have not much house-keeping money left."

"My dear," Monty laughed good-humouredly: "just two extra for one meal. I will get a bit of salmon at the fishmonger's to-morrow."

"It isn't that," said Mrs Monty,

Friend: "Jones, you're getting stout"
Ardent supporter of prohibition: "Sh! Someone might hear you"
By C. E. Bernard

"only I give Ada a pound a head for every guest we have in the house and——"

"*You do what?*" Monty sat forward.

"Yes—and," Mrs. Monty's voice grew tearful, "And then it is *cheaper* than going to the restaurants."

"What ridiculous nonsense," answered her husband, "I shall speak to Ada to-morrow morning and stop this at once."

A hard look came into Mrs. Monty's eye. "Montmorency," she said, "if you do anything that causes my servant to leave, you can keep house by yourself."

"Helen, you forget yourself—I——"

There was a ring at the door. "Who can be ringing at this time of night?" said Monty.

"Kitty Jones, I expect," answered his wife. "We are going to the Teckla dance club."

"But it is too late, my dear—besides I am not dressed."

"You are not asked,"

"You don't ask a woman to a dance without her husband."

"Oh, yes you do, anyway you are not a member of the Teckla dance club."

"I'll join," said Monty. "I suppose it is only a matter of a guinea or two."

"You would be blackballed. The members do not like husbands and wives belonging to the same club. Now I must be off, Ta-ta."

"Helen!" but the door had slammed. "My God," said Monty, and ran his fingers through his hair. Suddenly the lights went out. "Ada! Ada! what has happened to the electric light?"

Their servant put her head round the door. "'Specks the men stopped work again at the power station," she answered.

A hideous screeching rent the air. Antony, starting out on his evening round of pleasure, had discovered the wire netting. He screeched and screeched and screeched. Never did cat make the night more hideous.

Monty clapped his hands to his ears. "What is the matter with that cat?" he asked.

"Oh, 'im—'e's turned Bolshevic," said Ada—"same as a good many more," she added significantly.

"Ha!-Ha!—Ha!-Ha!—Ha!-Ha!" laughed Monty.

"'Ere," said Ada in a frightened voice, "what 'as happened to the marster? 'Is eyes 'as gone all funny. Oh, Lord! I'm 'opping it."

Planning the Offensive

"If she *is* in her bed I'll kick up a row for not waiting up for me—if she's not in her bed I'll kick up a row for her wasting the light!"

BY DYKE WHITE

Rhineland Resolutions

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

At the moment of writing (New Year's Day) the Bystander in Occupation is, in common with the rest of the Rhineland, bursting with good resolutions—and a most expensive head. Last night was "Sylvester Abend," and, yielding to enemy superstitions, the B. in O. let himself be beguiled into melting lead up till a very late hour, the while a small boy chanted the necessary incantations to the holy Sylvester to let the melted lead fall through the bars of the stove in favourable form, and the B. in O. consumed much punch. For in the fantastic shapes the lead takes as it splashes among the ashes one can read the good and evil fortune that awaits one in the coming year. The B. in O.'s chequered path is threatened with a lion, an ostrich, a "Teufel"—who bore a distinct resemblance to a certain Mr. Hohenzollern, late of this country, and a crown, from which last he concludes that President Ebert will shortly be required to "hand over."

Quite a number of good resolutions have been made in Occupied Territory. Most German civilians have decided not to push British officers off the pavement, while our men have decided not to pay fares on the German State tramways unless Ratification compels them to do so. Bachelor officers in possession of princely billets have resolved to give them up to any married couples who would like them—if they are forced to do so—while husbands whose wives have arrived here have resolved not to "fraternise"! Regular officers have resolved to send in their papers and obtain a share in the enormous profits anyone who wears a black coat and has no scruples obviously makes in civil life, while temporary officers have resolved to apply for regular commissions, and so qualify for red-tabbed jobs on the garrison and administration staffs of Rhineland and avoid coming on the rates. The Bystander in Occupation has resolved to stand by and occupy—as much of Rhineland as the German *Wohnungsamt*—who tell us how many rooms we may have—and the editorial cheque, will allow him.

Mention was made recently of the stern Prussian side to the character of Nikolaus, the German Santa Claus, which induces him to carry a sinister-looking birch. A story is being told amongst the Germans here in Cologne of the youngest (aged six) of a family of three children, who, with their mother, were awaiting the Holy Man's arrival. "I hope he doesn't come," said he. "I broke a window to-day, and if he's heard of it, it's only the stick for me!"

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when a loud knock at the door announced the arrival of the Holy Man himself—the youthful criminal at once vanished beneath the table. The first question to the mother was, "Where is your other child?"

"Bursting with good resolutions—and a most expensive head"

A small head appeared from under the tablecloth.

"Say, 'Hellige Mann,' have you got a traveller's pass to enter the Occupied Area?" countered the child in Cologne patois.

"My son," replied Nikolaus, "I have a pass from Heaven."

"You try that on with a British M.P., Hellige Mann. No excuses go down there—either you've got the British stamp or it's 'jug' for you."

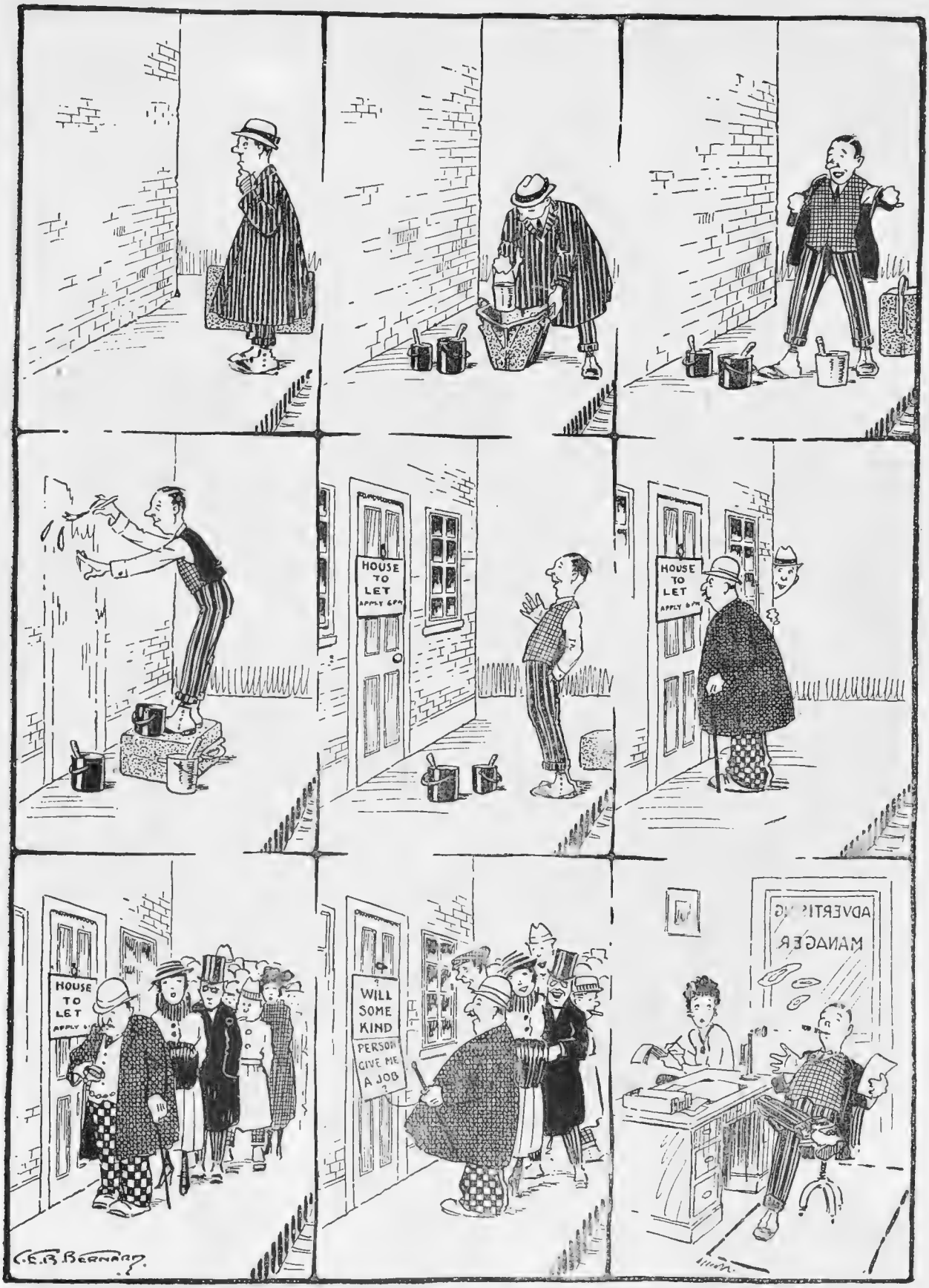
But Nikolaus, gravely shaking his head, began his questions as to past conduct, and the child came reluctantly from his place of refuge.

"Well, Holy Man, I s'pose I've got to go through it now, but I'd laugh fit to bust to see you up before the British Summary Court to-morrow! Anyhow, I've given you the tip!"

ERIC GORDON

"Have you got a traveller's pass to enter the Occupied Area?"

The Story of Pushful Percy—



—AND HOW HE FOUND A "CUSHY" JOB

BY C. E. B. BERNARD

"One half of the world doesn't

know how its better half lives"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

The Climb's Reward

A WONDERFUL VIEW—AND THE PROSPECT OF A SPLENDID RUN DOWN

Skiers among the Swiss peaks mapping out the route for the run home after their climb to the top

Monte Carlo while you Wait

BY C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

Illustrated by PIZER

VI.—The Viatique and Vanity Fair

"I SHALL apply to the Casino for the *viatique!*" exclaimed Mrs. Phillips.

"You *can't!*" said Rosaleen Malone.

"You *shan't!*" said Sir Berrian Borrodaile.

It was Berrian she answered. "But I will!" she defied him. "Why on earth shouldn't I?"

"You know as well as I do," he returned, impatiently. "The Casino authorities give a sum of money, which is called the '*viatique*,' to any player who has lost a great deal, and——"

"I *have* lost a great deal," Eve Phillips cut him short. "I've lost over two thousand pounds——"

"Of the Casino's money, not your own," Berry reminded her. "You won over two thousand on my 'Bold Paul' system. Then, to upset Rosaleen, you laughed at her 'Vanity Fair,' and played against it to amuse yourself, because you're so beastly rich, you don't need to worry whether you win or lose. The *viatique* is intended for people who lose their own money, and are in trouble. It's jolly decent of the Casino to give it, as they don't ask people to play——."

"Well, people *come* here to play, anyhow," said Eve, obstinately. "As for being in trouble, I'm simply broken-hearted. The money was mine when I lost it, and I don't see why it's the Casino's business whether I'd won in the beginning or lost. And I *am* going to apply for the *viatique*. It's my right."

Berry shrugged his shoulders, and only a warning glance from Rosaleen kept his temper in bounds. "I've given you my opinion," he said.

"Exactly what is it?" Eve acidly enquired.

"That you'll be doing a dishonourable thing if you pretend to have met with losses which are not genuine losses; and you'll regret the step if—"

"It's you who may suffer from *regrets*, if you're so outspoken," Eve (*alias* "the cat," according to Miss Malone) warned him. And just perceptibly Rosaleen shook her head as the lips of her *fiancé* opened. Berry knew that the gesture meant something in particular, and snapped his jaws shut before it was too late.

"Why didn't you let me give the woman a Roland for her Oliver?" he asked when Mrs. Phillips had minced (she would have "swept" if her dress hadn't been too short and narrow) out of the room where they had been discussing Eve's tragedy.

"If I tell you why," Rosaleen hesitated, looking distractingly pretty and distinctly devilish, "you'll say I'm as great a cat as she is."

"You could only be a kitten—an adorable Persian one," said Berry.

"Well, then, methinks I heard you warn the lady that if she does this thing she will regret it?"

"I did. She will. Do you know what's likely to happen to her if she tries her tricks on the Powers that Be?"

"You told me what happened to a woman you knew who got the *viatique* and then gaily sailed back into the Rooms."

"The same thing will happen to the Phillips female if she——."

"That's *what I want* to happen," cut in Rosaleen. "Now do you see why I shook my head?"

Berry grinned. "You young devil!"

"When a gentleman calls a lady a devil," remarked Rosaleen primly, "he should qualify the noun by an alleviating adjective. For instance, 'You beautiful devil' is not considered offensive in smart circles. I will now descend to the Casino and get to business, earning my *trousseau*. The Vanity Fair system is appropriate—and certainly it's a peach."

Sir Berrian Borrodaile spoke of his most important paying guest at Roc Azur as the "Phillips female" only under extreme provocation: the same provocation which induced Rosaleen Malone to call the same lady a "cat."

Mrs. Phillips was, in reality, more of a snake than a cat. She was the serpent in their Eden, and until to-day (which ended the first three weeks at Roc Azur) there had been no way of getting rid of her. Now, thanks to the success of the Mathematician's system and the bet connected with it, Borrodaile

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

and the girl he hoped to marry could do without her blackmailing favours. They could afford to hire a motor-car to replace hers. They could get furniture instead of that which Mrs. Phillips had threatened to remove; and there were servants to be had, as good as those she had sent down from Paris.

Each had confided in the other that there was "nothing too bad" for this Cat, Pig, or Beast (adjective according to mood) who had planned to postpone their marriage, and, if possible, prevent it altogether. They had, when the winter of their discontent changed to glorious summer, decided to "insult Mrs. Phillips." And they had insulted her, so far as an inconvenient amount of chivalry in the man, and a warm Irish heart in the girl, had allowed. But Mrs. Phillips had not noticed the insults; at least, she had noticed them exactly as much as if they'd been mosquito bites. She had kept none of her threats. Her furniture, her pictures, her *bric-à-brac*, her servants, her automobile, all remained because she wished to remain herself.

The question was, what would move the lady? Now, Rosaleen Malone thought she saw how that question might answer itself.

She—Rosaleen—had been playing one of Berry's "pet" systems, which he called the "Vanity Fair." Ages before, in the days of his callow youth, a London paper named *Vanity Fair* had published a week's "*Permanences*" (supposed to have been spun at Monte Carlo), which *permanences*—according to the editor—would break any system ever invented. Borrodaile, aroused by this challenge, promptly invented one which stood the test. In fact, this was the beginning of his interest in Roulette; and he had always cherished "the little old Vanity Fair."

Because he had faith in the system, and it wasn't too complicated for the 'Mascotte" of Roc Azur to play in spare moments when not busy mascotting, he'd given it to Rosaleen. Eve Phillips ("out of spite," the girl said) openly spurned the "Vanity Fair," and announced that *she* could improve upon it by "playing exactly opposite, every time." This meant playing *against* the system. She took pains to find a seat within full sight of Rosaleen; and when the girl staked on red she staked on black, or *vice versa*.

This had all but unnerved the Mascotte, which was precisely the end Eve had in view. The girl contrived to keep her head, however, and as she won steadily, of course Mrs. Phillips lost.

Rosaleen's unit was a five-franc piece, so her winnings were modest. Eve's unit was a louis, and her losses were large. She made matters worse by refusing to accept a certain "break" in the progression which Berry prescribed for the game, and altogether she threw away all she had won upon an exciting paroli christened by Borrodaile "Bold Paul."

"THE VANITY FAIR" SYSTEM

As Berry gave this method of play to Rosaleen, it consisted in waiting for two spins of the wheel. If a couple of intermittances had appeared she was to bet that three more would not follow; or, in other words, would bet against a run of five intermittances. If the two *watched* spins were not intermittances, but a pair of blacks, or a pair of reds, Rosaleen had to bet that three of the same colour would not come after in succession. Her first stake was a five-franc piece. If she lost, she then played two. If that was a loss she played four, which was the "break" in the progression (known as the "small Martingale") which Berry advised, to avoid danger. Three losses meant seven pieces gone; and he then allowed a fourth stake of three pieces, which he considered better than returning to one unit. If the fourth bet were unlucky, four units could be played, so that a win at either of these "after-break" stages helped to retrieve something, without recklessly chasing losses.

The "trick" of the game, however, which really made its value, was *stopping play for one spin* after each win. By doing this, Berry explained, one avoided a "break" on a run of five of a colour, or six intermittances, occasionally coming off safely even after a longer run, according as one fell upon it at the start. When one had "broken" for seven pieces, and the two following bets of three and four pieces, one simply waited to let a further adverse run roll by.

On all short runs the game could not help going well, and even on long runs the losses were so small that they could easily be made up on good cards.

Long runs of a colour or of intermittances are exceptional; therefore Eve Phillips' way of playing against the system went completely to bits on the "broken cards" (so called by gamblers) which gave Rosaleen her luck.

It was when Eve's rage was at its height that she vowed she would get the *viatique*; but that night in the Casino her fury had somewhat cooled. She would have changed her mind, perhaps, had she made her boast in the hearing of Rosaleen and Berry alone. Unfortunately, however, she had repeated it at the dinner-table in the presence of the whole party. Coneybeare—in the best of spirits over his success—offered to bet two thousand francs against one thousand that Mrs. Phillips would "funk when the time came," and Eve took him up.

"Not only will I get the *viatique*," she said, "and a bouncing *big* one, but when it's got I'll take the money into the rooms and win with it."

"But——," Borrodaile had begun, when once again Rosaleen cut him short.

"Why don't you let Mrs. Phillips do as she pleases in peace, Berry?" she asked. And Berry subsided. Other members of the party being unacquainted with *viatique* law, no further objections were raised. Eve stiffened her courage with plenty of champagne, and planned a programme which amused her fellow-guests. They thought it in shocking taste; but, as nobody liked Mrs. Phillips, it would be fun to watch.

Her custom was to blaze with diamonds each night at the Sporting Club; but to-night she had dressed for a special part, and the Casino, not the Club, was the scene of action. Plainly gowned, innocent of jewels, and pallid with powder, she accosted an inspector. "I've had dreadful losses," she announced. 'I want to ask for the *viatique*."

(Continued on page 120)

Nice Prepares for the Coming Season

"Daily Mirror" photographs

SOME EARLY VISITORS ON THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS

Nice is at present in the hands of an army of workmen, builders, decorators, etc. Many of the large hotels, usually patronised by English people, which were used as hospitals, are now in a state of chaos, but in a few weeks all traces of stagnation during the war will have been removed, and Nice will be ready to receive her visitors once more

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

"That is regrettable, Madame," said the official politely. "Give yourself the pain of accompanying me, and I will take you to the office."

Eve—aware that friends and foes from Roc Azur were watching—followed the figure in its respectable frock-coat.

She was led to the well-known mirror-door before which many hearts have throbbed. A word was whispered by the inspector to a hovering footman, who opened the door and craned his head to peep within. A gesture encouraged the pale lady to enter, and a benevolent personage half rose from his chair at a desk in a small office.

Madame was begged to be seated; and then out poured the tale of those "dreadful losses." The benevolent one heard her through, and replied that the Casino would give her the price of a first-class ticket—should it be to London?

"A ticket indeed!" gasped Eve. "What nonsense, when I've lost fifty thousand francs! I must have *money*—a great deal of money!"

The elderly gentleman had power, he explained, to give no more than a railway ticket. If Madame hoped for a sum of money she must go to higher authorities. By this time Eve would have gone to the cannon's mouth; and she flounced after the footman through the Atrium, upstairs to the first floor and into a larger office than the one behind the mirror-door. Here notes taken of the "case" were handed by the footman to an official.

"'I expect you to give me a *viatique* of five thousand francs' she swanked"

"I expect you to give me a *viatique* of five thousand francs at least!" she swanked. "I'm very well-known here. I have powerful friends. You don't want me to shoot myself in the Casino?"

Nothing she could say disturbed the calm of the official mind. At length, however, she was invited to return at eleven o'clock next day, when she would hear the decision on her "affair."

Had Eve been forced to tell the whole truth concerning this adventure, she would not have shown in brilliant colours; but she hinted at sensational developments, and gave the impression to curious ones at Roc Azur that her interview had been an amazing success. Secretly she determined, if the result were disappointing, that she would add a sum to the amount granted, and flash it before incredulous eyes.

"They can't in common decency offer less than four thousand francs, at worst," she told herself; and was paralysed when she was presented next morning with one thousand five hundred. Even that sum, she was assured, went far beyond the usual *viatique*. It was granted to her, as a special favour, because of the "tragic story she had told."

Already Eve had forgotten the precise details of the said "tragic story," concocted on the spur of the moment. Her impulse was to refuse the gift with scorn; but she had gone through too much in getting it willingly to leave the room empty-handed. She took the notes without thanks, signing her name to a receipt, with a passionate splash of ink.

"You understand, Madame," said the high official who had conducted this ceremony, "that the money is a gift from the Casino *only* if you never return to play here. In case you wish to return, it is a *loan*, which must be repaid before you have the right to enter again the *Salles de Jeu*. You may, of course, attend the theatre, but must not show yourself in the rooms."

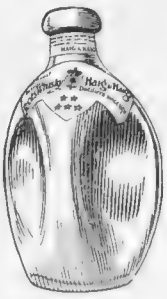
"Very well," agreed Eve, "I have no intention of showing myself there"; and prided herself sarcastically on a certain "mental reservation."

That same afternoon, in a dress she had not yet worn, a new hat, and her hair done in a bizarre, unaccustomed way, she slipped through the door of the big Salle Schmidt between two smart acquaintances who were well-known *habituées*. That was a bad moment for Mrs. Phillips! She had been obliged to surrender her season ticket of admission, on receipt of the *viatique*; and there was little doubt that the door-keepers had been told to look out for her. Had they demanded her ticket, the game would have

(Continued on page 122)

We ask You

to remember that during control, when good whisky had to be sold at the same controlled price as poor whisky, we maintained the supreme excellence of our Brand. We could have sold the same quantity if we had temporarily lowered the quality. We did not do so, and we are satisfied with the result.



HOME BOTTLE

In all uncontrolled markets we get the increased price that our quality entitles us to. In due time, no doubt, we will get the reward of our consistency in the Home Market.

EXPORT BOTTLE

As regards supplies we must ask our huge circle of friends to be patient with us. We are delivering twice as much whisky as we did before control was done away with ; but our old friends are asking for more than twice their former supplies. You will see that this does not make it easy for us to give supplies to new Distributing Agents.

Be reasonable. We are doing our best. We cannot jeopardise the future by delivering too much now.

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

HAIG & HAIG Ltd ; Head Office : 57 SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON S E 1

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (concluded)

been up. But, thanks to her fashionable friends and her changed *coiffure*, she passed the portal. Thus—she thought—the worst was over.

She went to a Roulette table where she had not played before, and placed the thousand franc note given her by the Casino, on the middle dozen, which had just come up, the five hundred franc note on the *sixaine* 19—24. The little ivory ball fell into the pocket of 21, and she had won both stakes.

"Hurrah!" she chuckled, her triumph sweet with the poignant sweetness of stolen fruit. She picked up her winnings, and left the original stakes. 21 appeared again. "This is better than Berry Borrodaile's old system!" Eve thought; and at that instant felt a touch on the shoulder.

"Madame!" spoke a grave voice. Eve turned, to see the inspector to whom, last night, she had clamoured for a *viatique*. "I must ask you to come with me."

Something in the cold face frightened her. It looked like Fate! But she bluffed, boldly.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed aloud, seeing several members of the Roc Azur party who would, she believed, support her. "I wish to stay here."

"You have broken your pledge, Madame," said the Inspector. "You must refund the *viatique* and the money you have won with it and leave the Casino instantly, if you do not wish to risk being expelled from the Principality."

Eve shrieked with rage, and threw the money on the floor. "Now the Roc Azur people are bound to rally round me!" she thought. But instead, they hastily faded out of sight, anxious not to be involved in a "scene." All those who remained were strangers, and they crowded round, revelling in a row, some hawklike ladies striving to annex scattered notes without being detected.

Almost before she knew what had happened, or how it had happened, Mrs. Phillips found herself outside the Casino doors, running down the steps, sobbing with rage, and hailing a surprised cabman.

"I'm leaving this loathsome hole at once!" she announced to Berry and Rosaleen, whom she found *en tête à tête* in the Roc Azur garden. "I shall go home to Paris in my own car, and take my servants with me. But before starting I shall order workmen to pack up *all* my furniture and other things—every stick—every picture!—to be sent after me."

"Oh, thank you *so* much, my dear," purred Rosaleen. "We didn't like to hurt your feelings after you'd been *so* kind. But we were dying for a chance to get in our own beautiful new things, which are ready for us at Nice, to be rushed over in vans at a minute's notice. As for our servants, they'll move in as soon as the rooms can be *well cleaned* after *yours*. And Berry has bought me such a *sweet* automobile as a wedding present."

The door slammed behind Mrs. Phillips, and the girl fell, laughing, into her lover's arms.

"Bless that *viatique!*" she gurgled.

Mæcenas Up-to-date

THE PROFITEER: "Sir, I make a point of encouraging talent! Please get that fellow Rembrandt to paint me a jolly little girl, something funny to amuse my friends"

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ESSEX v. KENT: KENT ATTACK FROM MIDFIELD
In spite of hard frost, this County Hockey Match was played at Sundridge Park last Wednesday and won by Essex in the last minute by 3 goals to 2. The fact that the ball is off the ground shows how hard it was. Fortunately, the surface was so smooth that the ball did not jump as much as it might have done

GAMES AND PASTIMES

HOCKEY

ARE we a hardier race than we were before the War? If the light-hearted way in which football and hockey are played on frozen grounds in these days is any criterion, I think we must be. For the County Hockey match between Essex and Kent last Wednesday, the ground at Sundridge Park was absolutely as hard as nails; fortunately, it was also beautifully smooth and level otherwise it would have been very dangerous to play on it. As it was, a very enjoyable game, won by Essex literally on the post, ensued; but I am pretty sure that, no matter how smooth the surface was, this match, if it had been a pre-war match, would have been "scratched owing to frost." I can remember the time, too, when Rugby football matches were almost invariably scratched in hard frost, the theory being that, apart from the hardness of the ground, limbs are more liable to break in frosty weather; but last week the schools matches went on merrily at Richmond in spite of the hardness of the grounds, and some very good football was played into the bargain.

WHO GETS IT?
A typical dual for possession of the ball in a recent Lacrosse match between Lee and Purley

LACROSSE

The Fine Game Revived

THE reconstruction of lacrosse has not been altogether easy. I am told that the actual percentage of casualties to lacrosse players in the War was quite as high as, if not actually higher than, the percentage in the case of Rugby football, and some of the clubs were at first very doubtful of their ability to get going. However, although the number of lacrosse players is by no means large, their keenness is undoubted, and things have gone, on the whole, very much better than was expected. This is certainly satisfactory, because lacrosse is one of the best games going. That it has such a limited following is due to its only being played at a few schools, and to the fact that it does not appeal to the onlooker unless he happens to have a pretty thorough knowledge of its tactics and the finer points of the play.

A noteworthy feature of the game is that every player on one side has his particular man to look after on the other, and the illustration on the preceding page gives a good idea of the duels which thus frequently occur for possession of the ball.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Hammett Case

THE fact that E. Hammett, the Newport centre three-quarter, was chosen last week to play both for England and for Wales in next Saturday's International has been made the subject of alarms and excursions in the Press for which there is really no occasion, nor can I see any need for the hard and fast definition of the qualification to play for a given country for which some writers have been clamouring. It has always been an understood thing in Rugby football that a player is qualified to play for the country in which he has played most of his football, whether that country happens to be the country of his birth or not, but I think it would be a mistake to say that this should be the only qualification, and to enact that a player must not play for the country of his birth unless he happens to have played most of his football in it.

Support for the Birth Qualification

RUGGER is an amateur game, and a player should certainly have the right to play for the country of his birth if he is given the opportunity of doing so and wishes to avail himself of it. To some people the sentimental side of playing for one's native land appeals very strongly, and one can quite well imagine, say, an Irishman, who had migrated to London quite early in life and had learnt and played all his football in England, being keener, for sentimental reasons, on playing for the land of his birth than for that of his adoption. It has been described as an absurdity and an anomaly that Hammett, having played all the season with a Welsh team, should have been asked to play for England, but I can see nothing absurd or anomalous in it. Hammett is an Englishman, and why should he not have been given the opportunity of playing for England, since England wanted him?

J. E. GREENWOOD

The Cambridge University and International footballer who will Captain the English Rugby team against Wales next Saturday. He had intended to retire from the game after the 'Varsity match, but at the special request of the Selection Committee has consented to carry on

Let the Player Choose

NEITHER can I see anything absurd in Hammett's having been asked to play both for England and for Wales. It was a great compliment to Hammett, and one that I think he was rather lucky to have paid to him, but that is all. What was absurd was the talk about the one country or the other "claiming" him, and the suggestion that his selection by Wales was a dignified protest against his selection by England. Each country picked him because each country wanted him, and he was, of course, free to play for whichever side he chose. A similar case occurred some years ago when a player named Stanley Williams was picked, and played, for England and was also picked as a reserve for Wales. There was a good deal of comment upon this at the time, but nothing came of it. The powers-that-be saw no reason to interfere with the existing state of affairs, and I venture to think that they will continue to remain unmoved. They prefer the possibility of a player having a double qualification (which is not unknown in other games) and being left free to exercise his choice, to making a hard and fast rule which might in certain circumstances be very distasteful. H.S.S.

INTERNATIONAL RUGBY: THE SCOTTISH FIFTEEN WHO BEAT FRANCE

The International Match between Scotland and France has been revived. It took place in Paris and was won after a hard tussle by Scotland by a goal to nil. In 1913 an unruly section of the crowd created a "rumpus" after the match, and the Scottish Union accordingly decided not to renew the fixture, but the War has healed the breach and harmony once more prevails

Nothing Like Beginning Early

THESE youngsters are fortunate in being able to learn ski-ing in Switzerland at such an early age, for in every game or sport it is always an advantage to "begin young" if you can. Some adults find ski-ing extremely hard to tackle, but young people almost invariably make apt pupils and soon become proficient, while, of course, they fairly revel in the "spills" (as shown in the upper of the three illustrations) which are incidental to the sport.

THE YOUNG IDEA TEACHING ITSELF HOW TO SKI

To-day and until 24th January.

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K1596. **2,000 yds. Ivory Casement Cloth,** as illustrated, 1½ in. hemstitched both sides. 36 in. wide.
Usual price, 2/6 per yd.
Sale price 1/9½ per yd.

K1169. **1,185 yds. 50 in. Cretonne or Shadow Taffeta.** Yellow ground, blue or gold laburnum.
Cretonne, Usual price, 6/9 per yd.
Sale price, 3/9 per yd.
Shadow, Usual price, 8/11 per yd.
Sale price, 4/11 per yd.

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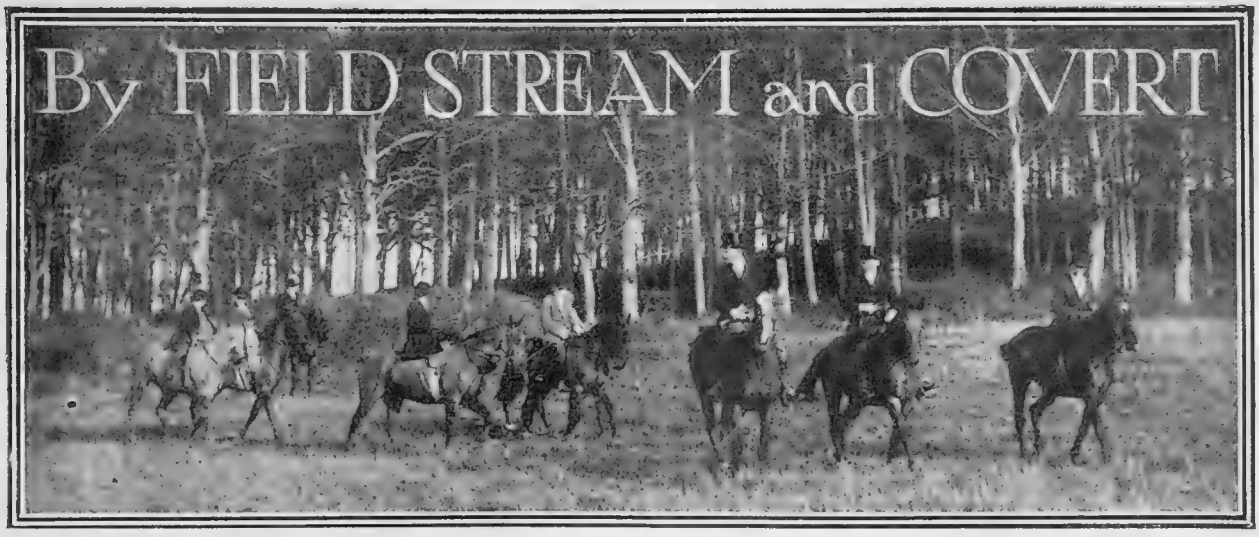

HUNTING WITH THE KILKENNY HOUNDS AT DUNMORE PARK

A view of the field leaving Glenfisher Wood. This famous Irish pack has an American M.F.H., Mr. Isaac Bell, formerly a noted polo player

Hunting Disputes

MR. WALTER H. LONG has made the interesting suggestion that a new Foxhounds Association be formed by the various Hunts in order to strengthen the present M.F.H. Association. I fail to see that the suggested body is necessary, because the M.F.H. Committee is already thoroughly representative of the Hunts of the kingdom, and is competent to deal, if it chooses to do so, with the knotty problems which crop up in hunting from time to time. Such, for example, as this deplorable Whaddon Chase dispute. So far the M.F.H. Committee have been extremely loth to take extreme measures in this squabble, but I think they possess sufficient power to enforce compulsory arbitration in a case where local agreement cannot be arrived at. It is true that their decision might be defied and legal proceedings might ensue, but the M.F.H. Committee would unfailingly have the practical support of the law, just as the Jockey Club enjoys in racing.

THE LATE LORD CUNLIFFE

The great banker, was an exceptionally fine shot. When at Harrow he shot three times for the Ashburnham Shield, and twice for the Spencer Cup at Wimbledon

"Bolshies" of the Chase

AMONG other things, the M.F.H. Committee could debar the members and horses of an offending Hunt from taking part in point-to-point meetings, and it could decline to recognise the hounds in their Kennel Stud Book. In other ways those who refused to recognise the authority of the M.F.H. Committee would be given such an uncomfortable time that their Bolshevist attitude would probably soon come to a natural end. I sincerely hope that no such drastic measures will become necessary in the Whaddon Chase country, but, as Mr. Long points out, this dispute must have disastrous effects upon foxhunting if it is not brought to a very speedy conclusion, and it is high time that the M.F.H. Association took up the question properly and dealt with it sternly.

The Zetland Hunt

RABY CASTLE, Darlington, from whence more than a century ago the Earls of Darlington and the Dukes of Cleveland hunted the Raby Hounds over an immense expanse of country, is once again to become intimately associated with foxhunting, as it is the ancestral home of Lord Barnard, the newly elected Joint Master of the Zetland Hounds. Followers of this pack are to be congratulated on the new arrangement, which enables them to retain the invaluable services of Mr. Herbert Straker and at the same time to secure a new M.F.H. with youth, keenness, and great family foxhunting traditions on his side. Lord Barnard succeeded his father in the title less than two years ago, becoming the heir by the death shortly before of his elder brother, the Hon. Harry Vane, who was himself a keen M.F.H., and was killed in action when serving with the Royal Artillery.

(*Continued on next page*)

A "COMING OF AGE" MEET OF THE TEDWORTH HOUNDS A
Mr. Vivian Giddins, the son of Capt. F. C. Giddins, Master of the Tedworth, recently attained his majority, and the meet of the pac

Smaller Fields

Not much notice was taken of the small fields in the Midlands in the first few weeks of the season, as it was thought that as the winter advanced the gatherings at the covertside would grow to something like their pre-war dimensions. However, it is now clear that there are fewer people hunting in the fashionable countries than was formerly the case. We can never forget how many gallant fellows who used to ride to hounds gave up their lives in the "great runs" of the War. They are sadly missed, but their absence only partly accounts for the smaller fields. Higher subscriptions and the colossal price of everything connected with hunting have done much to cause a shrinkage of hunting gatherings in the Shires.

Troublous Times

Most of the people who are settled there for the season are keeping fewer horses than formerly, and are subscribing to one pack instead of to two or three. I am afraid hunt secretaries in the Midlands have rather a worrying time before them with their accounts, but I think that the present financial difficulties will adjust themselves in time, and I have no real fear for the future of the sport. There is one thing to be thankful for—the farmers are as keen as ever, and it is delightful to meet so many of them out with the hounds.

MR. HERBERT STRAKER
Who is being joined in the Mastership of the Zetland Hounds next season by Lord Barnard

New Polo Rules

I recently had an opportunity of glancing through the new rules of polo. They have not yet been passed into law, because, after receiving the approval of the American Polo Association, they will have to come before the Hurlingham Polo Committee for ratification. That, however, is merely a matter of form. The International matches between England and America have shown the absurdity of the two countries playing under different sets of rules. So with the cordial assent of the American authorities the Hurlingham Committee appointed a Sub-Committee, including such famous and experienced players as Generals Vaughan and Pitman, Lieut.-Colonel E. D. Miller, Major F. W. Barrett, and Mr. Buckmaster, to co-ordinate the rules and produce the universal laws of polo.

Interesting Changes

This object has been carried out very effectively... The American method of dividing the

CROWOOD, RAMSBURY
as shown in this picture, formed a pleasant item in the celebrations.

laws of the game into "Field Rules" and "General Rules" has been adopted. The system of scoring will in future be the same in each country, and the penalty for dangerous play has been materially strengthened. Players will be able in future to take their free hits from forty instead of fifty yards from the goal, which will make a big difference in their chances of scoring. With the exception of the more severe penalty there are no changes of real importance to English players, but it means a pronounced change for the American game. A. W. C.

GOING, GOING!
Red Flame tires at the end of a steeplechase at Gatwick, and comes down at the last fence

MEET OF THE YORK AND AINSTY HUNT AT KIRK HAMMERTON HALL
he Master, Capt. Whitworth, with Lt. Col. Stanyforth discussing with the huntsman, Mr. Crompton (mounted) the prospects of the day's sport

Racing Notions

BY "CARBINE"

Concerning Coulthwaite

SHOULD Tom Coulthwaite be re-instated as a trainer? That seems to have been one of the burning questions of the hour in racing circles lately. A good deal of ink has been shed over the controversy, mingled with the salt tears of those who are bitterly disappointed that the National Hunt Committee have so far declined to restore his licence. Tom is a likeable fellow. He is a great worker, and for a man who started with practically no knowledge of horses his successes at Hednesford were simply amazing. I hope that the Stewards will see their way to giving him another chance, as I am sure they will do if in their judgment the time is ripe for such a step. These affairs are best left to the racing authorities; they know more of the facts than we do, and it is ridiculous to question their strict impartiality.

Two Good Sportsmen

Two good sportsmen are caught in our caricaturist's net this week—Sir George Bullough is an enthusiastic M.F.H. as well as one of the foremost supporters of National Hunt racing. Although he won the Grand National substitute at Gatwick with Ballymacad, I do not suppose he will be quite satisfied until he has accomplished the "real thing" at Aintree. I do not think he has any horse capable of doing the trick this season. His trainer, the Hon. Aubrey Hastings, brought off a great performance when he rode Ascetic's Silver, trained by himself, to victory in the Grand National. His other big Aintree winner was Ally Sloper, who, no doubt, will be called upon to go over the country again on March 26.

NATIONAL HUNT NOTABILITIES
Sir George Bullough and his trainer, the Hon. Aubrey Hastings
By "The Tout"

Spring Handicaps

Now then, you amateur handicappers, here are the entries for the Spring Handicaps. Get out your pencils and books of form, so that you can catch the official handicappers napping when they issue their weights! It will be a pretty test of skill, for the entries all round are about as large as I can remember in these races. Of course, there is a good deal of comparative rubbish among the fifty-two which have been entered for the Lincolnshire Handicap. I suppose we shall see Lord Glanely's pair, Grand Fleet and Scatwell, not far from the top of the handicap. Already there are tips galore for the race, including last year's winner, Royal Bucks, Sir Berkeley, and Ugly Duckling. But I prefer to wait for the weights, thank you.

If the King Wins the "City"

We get a much better class lot of horses in the City and Suburban, including Diadem, ever a favourite of mine since I backed her at 10 to 1 in her first race, the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, with which she fairly ran away. She has done fine service for Lord D'Abernon, but the Liquor Controller evidently hopes to get another race or two out of her. The King has entered a couple for the "City," and three for the Jubilee. Good luck to the Royal colours! What a scene at Epsom there would be if His Majesty were to carry off the popular handicap. There would be no room for Bolshevists in the crowd that day.

Some Selections

So far the steeplechasing season has been fortunate in escaping broken weather. It was a near squeak for Plumpton and the first day of Gatwick last week, but while hunting was stopped in most places they were able to race on both days. We are having some interesting hurdle racing just now, but the steeplechasing is still very moderate, and the dearth of good jumpers is such that it is not likely to improve much. The best meeting this week will be Hurst Park. On Friday **Shantoi** should win the Novices' Steeplechase, as there is no penalty for his recent success. **Lydie White** and **Confessor** will take some beating in their respective hurdle races. On the following day, **Silver Bridge** ought to win the Richmond Hurdle Race if we can take her form on the flat as a line. **Antipater** seems a likely winner of the National Hunt Flat Race.

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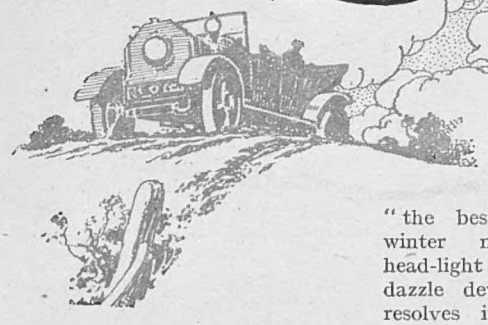
Motoring & Aviation



Fog is not an unusual phenomenon at this time of year, and we seem to be in the midst of plenty of it, especially the motoring and aviation world. But can you wonder, when nobody seems to agree with anybody else on any subject? I am led to make these observations on reading certain correspondence that has appeared in print on a variety of motoring subjects, such as left-hand steering, for instance, knocking in the engine, dazzling head-lights, the "House that Jack built," and why motor (under)writing is not all profit. Most motorists know that pale pink tissue paper pasted on head-light glasses gives the best illumination to pierce heavy fogs, so perhaps it would not be a bad idea to try and throw a little (pink) light on these subjects.

* * *

Taking left-hand steering to begin with, goodness knows who started all the paper talk, but there is only one object in the whole of the pow-wow, and that is to sell, to a much misguided public, cars that have the steering-column placed on the left-hand side of the front seats instead of the right-hand one which they are accustomed to. If people choose to buy 'em, let 'em, that's their funeral, but don't waste anybody's good paper and ink boosting the goods indirectly by all this "havering," as my friend the Provost puts it.

* * *

Of course, I take off my hat to the genius who started the full-throttle-knocking-engine stunt. I hope he got well paid for it, and I recommend him for the next honours' list when "national" services are to be rewarded. But, laddie, don't think you are going to catch the old birds by this sort of decoy as, though everybody may not have woke up to the fact that the cure of the knock is always, after many ifs, the use of home-grown fuel, Christmas-time and the New Year is a bad season to try and wean people from proper spirits, especially as "shell-out" is the favourite round game just then. Still, as a stunt it was good, but motorists in the bulk will take a lot of shifting from the good old green and red cans while their distribution scheme hangs together, especially those to whom "the best is good enough" for winter motoring. As for the head-light controversy, and anti-dazzle devices, the whole question resolves itself into the degree of manners — road manners — that motorists have. The decent sort switch off their glaring lamps if they are of the electric sort whenever they notice they are being a nuisance to others, and if they are not electric they hood them so as to throw very little light upward and concentrate it on the road instead. You cannot make a silk purse from a sow's ear, nor can you instil good manners in all motorists. Personally, I think, the most dazzling sight on the roads just at present is H.M. mails, but, of course, that is at night time, so ladies needn't be offended!

* * *

No doubt all the people who are really interested in aviation progress tried to get to the Paris Aero Show, though quite a lot of them did not manage to spare the time. Well, I won't say they did not miss much, but truth compels me to state that British visitors did not find a great deal there that served to give them ideas for overcoming many of the present problems. What was evident was highly decorated *carrosserie*, otherwise passenger cabins, that vied with the big Atlantic liners in their equipment, fittings, and decoration. British exhibits really shone in qualities, if not in numbers, and the Boulton and Paul all-metal machine was far ahead of Continental construction. The French critics praised it, which is, perhaps, the best test of all. There were twenty-five or so different makers of complete machines in the exhibition, some of whom displayed one or more different types of their craftsmanship. England was represented by an Airco D.H. 16 (Napier Lion), three Bristols engined by Cosmos Jupiter, and two Siddeley-Puma respectively, Handley-Page W. 8 (two Napier Lion), and a Westland (Rolls-Royce) limousine to carry three passengers.

* * *

Most people I have chatted with on the Show agree that the parachute section interested them far more than the flying machines themselves. I don't wonder at it, because, after all, the parachute is, or should be, the life-boat or life-buoy of the air traveller. As I am, more or less, on a holiday, I have not been reading the papers lately, so I do not know whether the Air Ministry have yet made the Order that all air-craft carrying passengers should be equipped with parachutes sufficient to float the human cargo safely to the ground (or water!) should

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL TO-DAY
In front of it is a Sunbeam car of the type so extensively used by staff and administrative officers during the War

MOTORING AND AVIATION (concluded)

anything go amiss, but I do know that the project is well on the "carpet." But alas! I have once more got into the fog again as no one seems clever enough to demonstrate that any particular parachute will do its job under all circumstances. 'Pon my word I will have a try myself—to-morrow.

* *
*

My particular Eve tells me that unless I improve the comfort of the seating accommodation of cars this New Year she is not coming on any six days' trials or long trips with me in 1920. That's a nice how-do-you-do, isn't it? I am afraid there is a lot of truth about her contention. Seats that are comfortable for tall thin people are not so for short and stout ones. Then, if the weather turns to wet or snow, the ordinary hood is a poor thing, as it is a bit of a job putting up side-curtains, and nine times out of ten you get thoroughly soaked while doing it. Even on fine days, if there is a cross wind, the ordinary front screen does not protect those in the front seats sufficiently, leave alone the passengers in the back ones in the ordinary touring car, which, after all, is the type most numerous on the road.

* *
*

It is quite true that one can have side-pieces now fitted to front screens, but unless they form part and parcel of the original fitting they are but a make-shift sort of a job. I think all touring-car front screens should have these wings as standard and back screens, with side-pieces, for all four-seated open carriages fitted as well. Seats should be adjustable, both as regards height and angle of back, while foot-rests for the passengers should be equally able to be fitted to individual differences in length of limb. I notice that quite a number of the new American cars provide a foot-warmer for the back seats heated off the exhaust as standard, and very comfortable it is this cold weather, both for open and closed cars.

* *
*

But say what you like about British cars for British people, it is our rivals who always seem to find out the cosy comforts for the users. I expect the competition for business is much keener there than here, so the selling points are finer with each one maker, and all try to give something extra attractive to induce the purchaser to give them preference. Here it is a question of take it as it is or leave it, and if you want these things to be comfortable, when using the car you have bought at twice the price it ought to be, you must rig it out with extras yourself.

OLD HY.

AN ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY CAR
This is an open phaeton fitted as a touring carriage, and is seen outside the fire-station at Leatherhead

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